

# 'THE LITTLE WASHINGTONS' TRAVELS



**LILLIAN ELIZABETH ROY**  
Author of **THE POLLY BREWSTER BOOKS**

# THE LITTLE WASHINGTONS BOOKS

By LILLIAN ELIZABETH ROY

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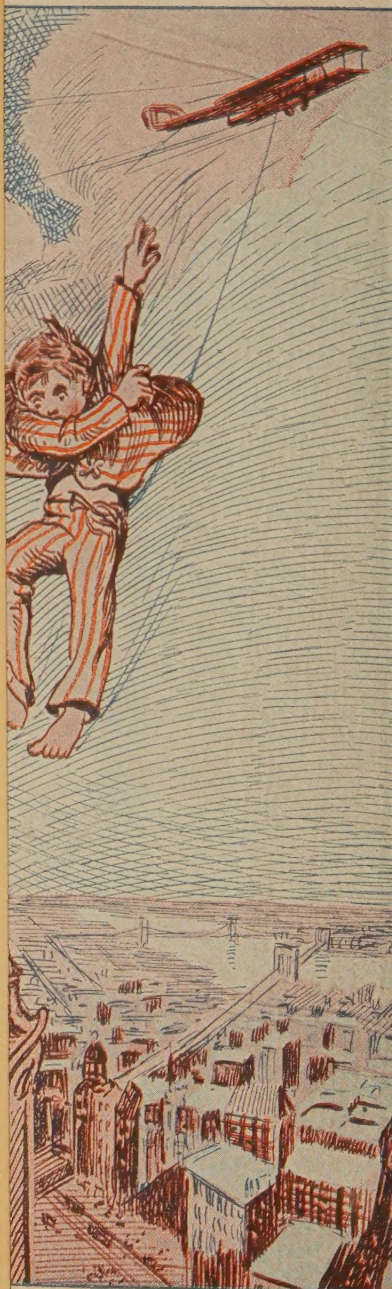
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GROSSET & DUNLAP, NEW YORK









**'THE LITTLE WASHINGTONS'  
TRAVELS**









THEY WERE SEATED ON THE FLOOR READING.  
*The Little Washingtons' Travels.* Frontispiece.



# THE LITTLE WASHINGTONS' TRAVELS

BY  
LILLIAN ELIZABETH ROY

AUTHOR OF  
THE POLLY BREWSTER BOOKS,  
THE GIRL SCOUTS BOOKS, ETC.

ILLUSTRATED



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# THE LITTLE WASHINGTONS' TRAVELS

## CHAPTER I

NEW YORK THE GREAT MECCA

“MY parlor chair swings around every way!” exclaimed Martha Parke, thoroughly enjoying the novelty of whirling on a Pullman parlor chair.

“They all do, but folks are supposed to sit quiet and only swing when they want to see who’s sitting on the other side of the car, or perhaps if a friend sits next to them and talks—then you have to turn and answer, of course,” explained George Parke.

Jack Davis, the Philadelphia cousin of the two Parke children, had the vast experience of travelling from his native city to the country home of the Parkes just outside of Washington, D. C., a few weeks prior to the opening of this story. So, of course, he knew all about the Pullman parlor chairs.

"That isn't why they whirl at all! It's so you can turn to look out of the opposite windows, 'cause both sides of a railroad track have scenery, you know," glancing at the elders of the party to make sure they had overheard him.

"Why, Jack Davis! That isn't the reason at all! It's for the convenience of the conductor to take up tickets, so he won't have to lean away over or knock off the passenger's hat. Then, too, when the buffet waiter serves luncheon on those folding tables, he has to have room to move the chair around and place the stand right over the passenger's lap. Don't you remember?" explained Anne Davis to her brother.



"I'll ask mother—shall I?" ventured John Graham, a member of the travelling party from the South.

"No, no! We don't want to know anything! Let's see who can find the first church along the line," quickly said George, to divert attention.

For some time thereafter the young travellers were quiet, until Jack shouted: "I see one! It's old and tumble-down, but it has a steeple just the same!"

While the children were playing this game, the elders sat planning about the New York trip. They had started from the country estate that morning without mishap, which was remarkable, considering the many ways the "Little Washingtons" had of getting into trouble. But now that all were *en route* for the great city of the north, they wondered whether it had been wise to bring five lively children on such a trip.

"If John doesn't behave when you take him to visit the historical places, just let me know, and I will keep him at his great-aunt's. She hasn't a thing

he can do mischief to!" said Mrs. Graham.

Mr. Parke laughed. "That would be a severe punishment for John. But I feel quite sure he will be the least troublesome of the party. George generally takes the lead in all escapades, you know."

"Not when Jack is around to suggest mischief!" added Mrs. Davis from Philadelphia.

"Well, there will be two of us, anyway, to keep them in order. And little Jim won't be here for them to use as a scapegoat, you know," laughed Mrs. Parke, thinking of the happy little face of the pickaninny who was last seen on the steps holding a book and a box of candy presented him by the Davis children.

"Did Sam wire you he would meet us?" asked Mrs. Davis of Mr. Parke.

"Yes, when I telegraphed him from home, he replied to my office in Washington. He will arrive in New York a train before us, and meet us at the Pennsylvania Terminal at Thirty-third

Street. Then we will go to some large hotel until we see what we wish to do for the week."

"George sat looking over the newspaper this morning while we were waiting at the station in Washington for this train, and I leaned over to see what was engrossing his attention. What do you think he was reading?" asked Mrs. Parke.

"Goodness only knows what George reads—anything from the last drive of the Italians on the Alps to the present quotations on Wall Street!" laughed Mr. Parke, the father.

"Neither! He was poring over the list of hotels and restaurants in New York City. Finding I was watching, he said: 'I just found the place for us to stop.'

"'Yes?' said I. 'Where is it?'

"'The Martha Washington Hotel. We wouldn't think of boarding anywhere else, would we, when we are related to Martha?'"

The others laughed at this, and Mrs. Graham added: "Did you explain that



that hotel was a ladies' hotel, and neither he nor his father nor his uncle would be allowed to stay there?"

"No, because he forgot all about the hotel when he saw Jack and the girls leading John over to the candy booth. That was enough for George!" laughed Mrs. Parke.

"I suppose you ladies have planned a campaign for going about to show the 'patriots' the historical points of interest in the city—that is why you came up here, you know," teased Mr. Parke.

"You came for business purposes, you said, so we will not trouble you with our plans," retorted Mrs. Davis.

But further conversation was interrupted by the children. "Mother, didn't you bring the copy of our Washington history with you?"

"I have it in the trunk.—Why?" said Mrs. Parke.

"Because Jack says Washington was in Boston in the spring of 1776, and I say he was in New York, where he thought General Howe was going after

being driven from Boston," explained George.

"You are both right, son. Washington remained in Boston for a time to see just what Howe would do, and then fearing the weakness of defence of and about New York, he started for that city. It was while he was at New York that the letter from Congress was given him, in which he was so highly commended for the bravery and conduct of himself and his men at the siege," said Mrs. Parke.

Both boys had been so sure that each was right, that this information caused a sudden spell of humility, which gave the girls an opportunity to speak.

"Mother, didn't you read one day that the American army was vanquished on Long Island, and Washington had to hide up in the hills of Harlem until he got some more soldiers together?" asked Martha earnestly.

"Oh, oh! Is this the way my historical readings are interpreted?" sighed Mrs. Parke, in mock despair, while the other elders of the party laughed at

Martha's presentation of the battle on Long Island.

"I think it best not to describe any more history now. When you are all on the spot of the battle scenes, the children will feel the actual spirit of the thing more than by listening to a tale," said Mr. Parke.

"I will follow your suggestion later, but just now I am not going to allow this misunderstanding to rest. Come here, children, and let me explain."

As there was nothing more exciting offered them, the five children turned their chairs about and listened to the story.

"You see, when General Howe sailed from Boston with his fleet, it was circulated that he proposed going to Halifax. But Washington was too wise a general to believe everything he heard, especially when it came from such a wily man as General Howe. So he figured out just about what Howe might do now that he was out of such nice, comfortable quarters like Boston.

"New York was another fine city,



with every comfort to be had, so Washington thought that the British would prefer that life to one of privation and discomfort elsewhere.

“With the seized boats that had sailed into Boston harbor, ignorant of the fact that the British had left there, Washington was able to supply his men with guns, ammunition and goods greatly needed by them. Then, when Campbell of the British navy sailed serenely into the net of the enemy, a large quantity of military stores was captured, besides the fine vessel that carried over two hundred and seventy men. The latter were made prisoners, and the ships were turned into privateers, to act as sea-scouts in place of a regular naval force, which the colonists had not been able to raise as yet.

“Anxious for the safety of New York, Washington started an army from Boston, leaving five regiments under General Ward to defend the city. Passing through Providence, Norwich, and New London, he and the army arrived in New York on the 13th of

April, where he found, as he feared, that city ill-prepared for defence against Howe.

"It was soon ascertained, however, that Howe had really sailed for Halifax, where he went to secure the co-operation of the forces of Canada.

"So you see, boys, Washington was in both cities that spring, but he spent the late spring and summer in New York, fortifying and preparing that city for the battle which he knew was sure to come."

"Tell us some more, mother," said Martha.

"Is it time for the luncheon?" asked George anxiously, as the porter passed through the car.

"No, sah; not yet!" replied the grinning colored man.

"Then go on, mother!" sighed George resignedly.

"Well, when Washington found how valuable the Hudson River was for crossings, and for transmitting supplies to the northern army under the command of Schuyler, he immediately be-

gan to fortify the passes bordering on that river.

“So, while Howe was in Halifax, the American army was engaged in defending its river front, and the City of New York.

“Meantime, a large fleet was fitted out by the British under the command of Sir Peter Parker. In June, this fleet came to anchor in Charleston harbor, where it was joined by General Clinton’s forces.

“Fortunately, an intercepted letter warned the Americans of the destination of this armament, and this gave the colonists time to prepare defence against the English. Lee had been sent by Washington to command the forces in the southern country, and his popularity soon amassed over five thousand men. Under him were Gadsden, Moultrie, and Thompson. At the entrance of the Charleston harbor a fort had been constructed of the palmetto tree, which resembles cork in its looks and action.

“When Clinton landed some of his

troops, he found Colonel Gadsden commanding a regiment on the northern extremity of James Island, and two regiments under Moultrie and Thompson, stationed at opposite extremities of Sullivan's Island.

"The attack on the fort began in the morning, while the ships threw their broadsides upon it, but the little fort returned the fire with so much skill and spirit that the ships suffered severely. One ran aground and was burned, while others were temporarily disabled. The British finally abandoned the enterprise, having lost over two hundred men, while the Americans only lost twenty.

"The failure of the attack was of great importance to the American cause, for it not only contributed much to the permanent formation of their independent government, but it had an effect on the half-hearted people who feared the power of England.

"The abrupt departure of General Howe from Boston had upset his plans, for all of his supplies had been sent to



that city, and consequently fell into the hands of the American army. After waiting at Halifax for the appearance of the reinforcements he expected, but which did not arrive, he set sail for New York with his original army, where he landed on Staten Island the third of July, the same day that the Declaration of Independence was reported to the members of Congress at Philadelphia."

Mrs. Parke reached this point in her story when a waiter entered the car, making announcement of an interesting fact.

"Dinnah now served in th' dinin' car—foh cars ahead! Dinnah now served in th' dinin' car—foh cars ahead!"

"Oh, oh! they're going to have a dinner in the cars! We won't have to eat on the little tables brought in here," cried Jack, looking eagerly at Mr. Parke.

"Why, I don't think we'll need any dinner, do you? We will be in New York in an hour's time, and can have

something at a quick lunch restaurant," replied Mr. Parke very seriously.

The children stared at him in such surprise that he was compelled to laugh outright. At that, they knew he was only fooling about dinner. Meantime, the ladies began to gather their various wraps and bags and arrange them in order back of the parlor chairs.

When all were ready to go forward, Mr. Parke beckoned the children to gather close about him, and gave them warning.

"Now look over the bill of fare carefully, and order the cheapest dishes there. I haven't much money with me, and it would be dreadful to have the bill come to more than I would be able to pay."

The three ladies had passed on before Mr. Parke whispered the embarrassing news, and George, making sure his father was not joking again, said:

"I've got fifty cents in my pocket; I'll eat that up!"

"It may not digest, George, because silver is not considered healthy for the

human stomach, you know," replied Mr. Parke.

"Oh, you know what I mean! I'll order that much," said George, laughing.

"Will you have enough to pay for a dish of ice cream and a sandwich?" asked Martha anxiously.

"We'll have to see what they charge for ice cream. You see the prices have gone so high since the war," returned Mr. Parke.

They were passing through into the forward car as they conversed, and now the children had all they could do to balance themselves as the car swayed from side to side in its rapid flight on the tracks.

At last they were safely seated in the dining-car, but the ladies and Mr. Parke occupied one table for four, while the children occupied another across the aisle.

Every one studied the menu card diligently, but to the horror of the children the ice cream was forty cents per plate. Sandwiches were twenty cents

each, and tea or coffee, or cocoa, was twenty cents per cup.

"Humph! We won't eat much at this rate!" grumbled George.

"I think it is much cheaper to have luncheon served on a table in the parlor car. We had a nice lunch, and I'm sure it wasn't as much as this," remarked Jack.

"Shall we whisper to father and ask him what he can afford to pay for?" suggested Martha.

But the waiter stood right at Mr. Parke's elbow writing down some words on a pad, so the children politely waited. When he finished and hurried away, George and Martha excused themselves to the other children, and crossed the aisle.

"What shall we order?" asked George.

"How much can you pay for?" added Martha.

Mrs. Parke looked in amazement, while aunty and Mrs. Graham laughed. Mr. Parke drew both children down so they could hear him whisper.



"I think you had better sit still and not order a thing. If the waiter comes up for your order send him to me. You see, Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Graham ordered so much that I shall have to pay for, that we will have to go hungry."

George sent an angry glance at the ladies who thus deprived him of necessary food for the rest of the journey, but Martha heaved a tremendous sigh, as she relinquished her hopes of a deep dish of ice cream.

Before the two food ambassadors were settled in their chairs again, a waiter hurried over and began arranging silver, bread and butter, and relishes before them.

The children exchanged glances, and as the man went away again, George said: "We won't say anything yet—not until he asks us to order."

But he failed to ask. When he next appeared, he carried cups of broth and placed them before the children. This done, he stooped and said to George, in a voice distinctly heard by those fearfully listening:

"Ah'm goin' to pile dat cream up high when yo' all is ready for dessert!"

Then winking understandingly at the doubtful faces, he went back to the kitchen.

George looked in the cup of broth and turned to glance at his father for instructions, but the elders were busy with their own broth. Then George decided upon a courageous measure.

"We need something and we didn't order this soup. If we take it now the ladies who ordered more than they should will have to cancel some of their dinner. Come on and drink the broth before we are told not to."

Thereupon, a great sipping and swallowing of hot liquid ensued, and soup, that despised item at home, was quickly enjoyed, for there was a dearth of more to follow—so thought the travellers about that table.

Before they were quite finished, however, fish was brought on and the waiter said: "Ah'm tol' to bring turkey wid cranberry sauce and candied sweets. Is dat all right foh de whole party?"

Then George suspected a hoax. He jumped up and caught his father trying to hide a smile back of his dinner napkin.

"Is this one of your practical jokes again?" demanded George.

But an answer was unnecessary when he laughed so heartily that the ladies joined in. George was disgusted as he turned and remarked:

"Well, you made us drink the soup, all right, and I s'pose we all want turkey, but just you wait till dessert comes along—we're each going to eat ten plates of ice cream and make you pay for it, too!"

With that threat ringing in his ears, it was a wonder Mr. Parke enjoyed his dinner, but he did, and when dessert was ordered he watched the children eat two great dishes each of ice cream, and never blinked at the bill presented to him for it.

## CHAPTER II

### THE JOYS OF NEW YORK LIFE

“OH, oh, but this is a bee-autiful station!” gasped George, when the tourists came from the train and entered the great domed concourse.

“Isn’t it lovely? Look at the ceiling—all painted and lighted so fine!” sighed Martha, with satisfaction at art thus expressed.

“I should think everybody would get lost in this great place. Do you know where you are going, uncle?” said Jack, gazing first at the hurrying mobs going every way across the main hall to reach the numerous outlets.

“No, I am lost already! I shall have to ask a policeman to take us to the station-house for the night, so we can



find ourselves again," replied Mr. Parke with a worried air, as he went over to speak to a man in uniform.

"Did he mean it?" whispered John to his mother.

She smiled and shook her head, as she replied: "He is going to order taxicabs to convey us to the hotel."

"What hotel are we going to?" wondered Martha.

"Well, seeing there are scores of fine hotels in New York, it is difficult to tell which one Mr. Parke will select," said Mrs. Parke.

Shortly after this the party was snugly seated in cabs and whirled away. There was no signboard over the door of the hotel so the children could not tell the name of it. At home, the hotel in the village where the store was, had a swinging sign to say that it was "The Washington Arms Hotel." But the uniformed men standing ready to open the doors, and the crowds of people sitting about reading or chatting were very interesting to the children. Palms, great easy chairs, clusters of electric

lights—lights everywhere—made the scene one to be remembered.

“Must be something like the fine balls given Washington after the war,” whispered Martha to her companions.

“If they only had on silk dresses and powdered wigs,” returned John.

It was late in the afternoon when the party arrived at the hotel. Mr. Parke decided it would be useless to try and see any of the sights that day. Besides, they expected Mr. Davis every moment, as he said he would be waiting for them. But the train had been late, and he probably had become tired of waiting in the hotel lobby.

“I don’t see how any one could tire of sitting down there and watching the fine folks,” said Martha.

“If you saw things like that every day you’d soon weary of them,” remarked Mrs. Davis.

And Martha wondered if Philadelphia were anything like New York, to make aunty speak of seeing such sights every day.

Before she had time to question

about this interesting information, however, a cheery voice sounded outside of the large parlor they had with the suite of six rooms, and in came Mr. Davis.

After greetings were all over, Jack began: "Daddy, are we going to do anything to-day? We must not lose time, you know."

"Indeed no! Time is one of the things we can never find if it is once lost!" laughed Mr. Davis, patting Jack on the head.

"Well—then——" ventured Anne eagerly.

"I procured tickets for the 'Blue Bird' at the opera house to-night," replied Mr. Davis, showing the tickets to prove the wonderful news.

"Oo-oh! I've never been in a real live theatre before! We've gone to movies in the village—that's all!" cried John eagerly.

"Well, this is a real live one all right!" bragged Jack.

And so it was. It was an entrancing play, and the gowns of the audience, and the wonderful velvet curtains, and

the gold boxes and trimmings of the opera house, all presented a dazzling sight. The visiting party had a large box quite near the stage, so that everything could be seen and heard.

The next morning Mrs. Graham left the others and started for her visit to her aunt, leaving John with his friends to accompany them on their historical tour of the city.

"The first thing I have on my program is a visit to the Statue of Liberty. As we will be near Governor's Island, we can have a look at the old fort there, and then on our way back to Battery Park, visit the Aquarium," said Mrs. Parke.

So they left the hotel to walk to a car.

"Is anything going on in New York to-day?" asked John.

"Not unusual.—Why?" wondered Mrs. Davis.

"Why, I see such a lot of people all running as if they were afraid of missing some big event," explained John.

The elders laughed. "That is the

way New Yorkers always rush about. One would think their very lives depended upon the saving of a moment's time. And then they stand and stare at a silly advertisement, or listen to a street-corner peddler trying to sell his wares, and not only lose ten times the moments saved, but block the way for other sensible pedestrians, so that every one loses time," said Mr. Parke, who was escorting the ladies to the car.

At the head of a flight of steps, he started down.

"Where are you going, father?" cried Martha, aghast at her father's going down the cellar steps of some big house.

"To the train! Aren't you coming?"

"Train? I thought we were going to take one of these cars," exclaimed George, looking at a crosstown trolley.

"No, the subway takes us right down to South Ferry, where the boat leaves for Liberty Island," replied Mr. Parke.

This was a new experience. The children stared at the ceiled arch overhead, and wondered if it would cave in



while they had to wait for a train. Then the roar and rush of a long, snake-like string of cars swung around the bend and came to a sudden jerky halt opposite them. It was the northbound train.

Then it rushed and roared out again, but before any one could catch his breath, another roar and rush sounded right before their very noses, and a brilliantly-lighted train of cars stopped beside the platform, and the guard shoved open the doors that had no handles or hinges.

They all hurried in, crowds behind pushing wildly to get in first. Inside, the long rows of seats on both sides of the cars were filled with all sorts of people, and our travellers were compelled to stand up in the aisle.

As the train went further downtown, the crowds increased until George said: "Every New Yorker must be travelling to South Ferry this morning."

At Brooklyn Bridge many of the passengers got out, and Mr. Parke pushed his party into seats—one here, one there, some down the aisle in vacancies.

Before he could get back to a seat himself an entirely new mob of passengers rushed on, and violently struggled to crowd in between other seated fellow-beings.

"Say, Jack, I've been trying to figure up all the money this company made since we got on the cars at Grand Central," said George to his cousin.

"Yes, and I think it would be a good thing for you and me to plan about our future business careers. S'pose we open a subway line like this and run opposition. Besides making a lot of money easy, we will help the public, 'cause there won't be such a fearful crowd going on two lines as there is on one," said Jack with good logic.

"You're right! And what's more, we'll make our guards act politely to folks. I saw that horrid man slam the door right in an old man's face, as he was going to step inside! And those side doors were only opened once since we started, yet crowds of people waited outside and got left when the train pulled out of the station, and the guard

leaned over the platform and laughed!" declared George, who, although on his first trip, saw conditions that make New Yorkers fume and fret, without redress anywhere.

At this moment the guard shouted, "South Ferry! All out!" Mr. Parke and the ladies caught hold of the children's hands to save them from being crushed between doors and passengers, and after climbing another flight of concrete steps, they all breathed the sweet, fresh air once more, and Martha said:

"Don't let us ever travel that way again! It's awful!"

"But think of the millions who *have* to travel that way, up to the Bronx or Washington Heights, or over to Brooklyn. There is no other way to get there except by foot, or paying several car-fares for changes of line," said Mr. Davis, who seemed thoroughly acquainted with conditions in New York.

However, the children forgot the annoyance of travel the moment they found the small steamer "Liberty

Island" at the wharf. They all hurried on board, and were danced over the choppy waves of New York bay. On the sail over to the statue, they saw Ellis Island where the immigrants landed, Governor's Island of Revolutionary fame, the heights of Brooklyn just on the edge of the water, and then were landed at Liberty Island.

Troops were quartered here, and everything was under military discipline. Visitors were still permitted to the tower, but no one was allowed to go about the camps, or to question the men.

The elevator landed the children high up where the balcony encircles the statue, but Mrs. Parke declared that they were not going to mount the steep and winding stairs, as nothing was to be gained by climbing up the hundreds of steps. The view from the balcony was the same as up in the head.

As they walked around the outside of the figure, Mr. Parke told the children some interesting items about the statue.

"Bartholdi's statue named 'Liberty' was presented by the French people to the United States in 1885. It is the largest statue ever built. It was conceived by the famous French sculptor whose name it bears. It is said that the face is a likeness of his mother, who was his model for this renowned figure.

"It took eight years to construct the statue, and it weighed, when completed, 440,000 pounds. Of this, 146,000 pounds is copper and the balance iron and steel. The latter two metals were used to construct the skeleton framework of the inside.

"The mammoth electric light held aloft in the hand of this giantess is 305 feet above tide-water. The height of the figure is  $152\frac{1}{2}$  feet; the pedestal is 91 feet, and the foundation 52 feet, 10 inches. Forty persons can stand at the same time in the top of the mighty head, which is  $14\frac{1}{2}$  feet in diameter. The index finger of the hand is eight feet long, and the nose three and three-fourth feet. The colossus of Rhodes



—once regarded as a world-wonder for its great size—is a pigmy in comparison with this figure.”

The children listened to these stupendous figures, that gave them a good idea of the great work done on Liberty Statue, and were all the more interested in seeing the giant steel beams and bolts that held up the skeleton of the figure.

After they had gone down again and were walking about the base, while waiting for the return of the steamer to convey them back to New York, they listened to Mr. Parke describing the method of lighting at night, so that the entire statue seemed bathed in light. They looked at the great globes of electric lights grouped at various points of the stone parapet, and wondered at the unseen power that would reflect such brilliant illumination up at the figure as to make it plainly visible for miles across the sea.

On the sail back, the children saw the old fort where prisoners were kept herded together in great masses when

the British took possession of New York and Long Island.

The Aquarium was visited, and after admiring the strange and beautiful fish in the glass tanks, the children found great sport waiting for the sea-lion to utter his fearful roar, as he flopped into the large tank of water, scattering water in every direction and thoroughly sprinkling the unwary who stood too near the railing.

Then Mr. Parke led his party across Battery Park to a triangular green.

"Who knows what this is?" asked he.

"Why, it's another stairway to the subway cellar," said Martha, who spied the sign over the entrance.

The ladies laughed, for they knew the right answer to the question; but the children had not the slightest clue to it.

"This is Old Bowling Green. Here the Dutch used to meet daily and play bowls, while the wives and children sat on the rude wooden benches placed on the outside and chatted or watched the game."

"Are there any more old places like this in New York?" asked John.

"Yes, I thought we might go over and visit the place called 'Ye Olde Taverne,' that has been carefully kept from mercenary realty investors all these years. There you will find the quaint old style of building in vogue during the time of Howe's victory over the American forces in New York. If the old beams and wood could but talk, what interesting tales of treason, patriotism, plotting and celebrating, it could tell us.

"As we will be right near the Stock Exchange after we leave Fraunces' Tavern, I will see if it is possible to have you visit and watch the buying and selling that goes on in the 'pit' every day. The Exchange closes at three, so we must not delay, if we would visit this scene."

The children followed eagerly as Mr. Parke led the way across Broadway and down lower Pearl Street to the quaint old gable-roofed building still intact after all these years. They gazed

wide-eyed at this relic of Washington's period, and felt that the hero of their readings and play was very real indeed.

Coming out on Broad Street, they then went to the Stock Exchange building, but Mr. Parke discovered that no visitors were admitted there since war was declared. Only those known to be in business on the stock market were permitted to enter.

## CHAPTER III

### SIGHT-SEEING IN NEW YORK

“WELL, as long as we can’t visit the Stock Exchange, we may as well stop at Wall Street and see the Subtreasury and Old Custom House.”

Mr. Parke’s suggestion met with approval, so they all followed him up the wide street known as Broad, passing the curb brokers, as they stood screaming and gesturing at each other.

“Oh, don’t go so close to that street fight, uncle!” called Anne Davis, tugging at Mr. Parke’s sleeve.

“What’s the matter there, father? Is some one killed?” worried George, watching the mob anxiously.

“No, they are merely shouting out prices, or dealing in stocks. These are called curb brokers, because they have



no 'seats' in the Exchange and cannot deal in there," said Mr. Parke.

"Do any of you children know why Wall Street has its name?" asked Mrs. Davis.

"I suppose because it does a wall of money business every day," ventured Jack, trying to be wise.

"No, it was Wall Street long before any stock market was founded in New York. It had a high, long wall crossing here from the East River to West Street, and back of this wall stood an old Dutch Colonial house, with fine orchards about it. So solid was this wall that the conflicting armies of the British and American sides found it very convenient for a refuge and protection. Then, too, when some old Dutchman or alien of New Amsterdam—for it was so called by the discoverer of the island, Hendrik Hudson, in 1609—wanted to designate a certain district of the town, he would say 'in front of the wall', or 'so-and-so distant from the wall,' until it began to be known as 'The Wall.' Then the lane that ran in front of it

was becoming quite a thoroughfare, as so many people had to go about the area of land enclosed by the wall, that it gradually became known as 'Wall Street.' "

This information was very interesting to the children, and Mrs. Parke said: "Tell them about the purchase of this island."

"The land on which New York stands to-day was secured from the Indians for \$24.00 worth of beads and trinkets in 1626, although the island was found by Hudson in 1609 on his voyage of discovery along the bay and up the Hudson River.

"In 1664 the English took it from the Dutch and changed the name to New York after the English nobleman. When Howe took it from Washington's army, his men were so reckless in their merry-making that fire broke out in a tavern down here and soon the wooden houses, with their dried-shingle roofs, were blazing. In that fire more than a thousand buildings were destroyed, and the fine old mansions of

lower New York, then the fashionable section of Dutch and English wealth, were razed to the ground. The few places escaping the conflagration were those below this fire-line, or the homes better protected by owners, who kept a bucket-brigade at work to thoroughly soak the outside of the buildings."

"Now that we have seen the sights on Wall Street, what else can we see downtown?" asked Jack.

"Well, we can visit the old church here at the head of Wall Street, and then we can also visit the graveyard of the old church standing on the corner of Fulton and Broadway. Here we will find old flat stones marking graves made before the days of the Revolution; and some of the famous men we read about are buried in this busy section of lower New York. That will fill in our time until we start back uptown to the hotel," said Mr. Parke.

So the children wandered about the grass-covered burial spot, where centuries ago funerals of great men were held, and now old stones still showed

the spots where they had been laid to rest.

So completely worn out were they from that well-filled day of sight-seeing, that all were ready for bed soon after dinner that evening. When Mr. Davis came in from a late business conference, no one felt like talking of the day's exploits.

Mr. Parke was to attend to his business the following day, and Mr. Davis offered to act as official guide to the party. John was sent uptown to his great-aunt in a taxicab and told to be sure and be on hand by ten the next day.

"What shall we visit to-day?" asked Mr. Davis, when all the travellers had gathered about the breakfast table in the morning.

"You know best—we want to see the forts and the places where they show things left by Washington," said George.

"I have been thinking that we may as well keep right on visiting from downtown up, taking in important points of

interest on the way," suggested Mrs. Parke.

"We can. Then we ought to go down to City Hall Park and take in the sights from there on," replied Mrs. Davis.

The moment John arrived—which was fifteen minutes before the time set—they started out on their second day's trip.

At Old City Hall, with its park of ten acres, they saw the county court house, the Old Post Office and the famous Woolworth building, said to be the tallest in the world. Finding they could visit the tower, they all went up in an elevator and had a bird's-eye view of the great city, with its great ribbons of river winding along on two sides of it, forming the island of Manhattan, where East and North rivers met.

They saw the buildings where the *New York World*, *The Tribune*, *The Sun*, *The Mail*, and other papers were printed, and Mr. Davis secured permission for them to visit the plant in the Tribune building, so the children could



watch the interesting process of turning out a daily newspaper.

After this, they went to the Hudson Tubes Terminal building and had luncheon at the restaurant before walking down the incline of Fulton entrance to the concourse underground. The very fact that so much business went on continually underground, while other business continued above on the streets, filled the children with amazement.

They saw the trains of the New York terminal come in and go out again, and were told how the tubes under the Hudson River had been built and were now conducted.

As a crowded train left the platform, Jack sighed: "The same old thing as in the subway. Not half enough seats for the crowds of people that travel. When we run *our* line we will see that every one who pays full price has a seat, or they won't have to pay but half fare."

"Your plan is most sensible, but no monopoly will ever consent to lose half

a nickel that way while it can get full fare out of the travelling public that must reach certain destinations in a given time," replied Mr. Davis.

From the Hudson Tubes the visitors followed their guide crosstown again, and after walking a few blocks they again crossed City Hall Park. Here they entered the large Municipal building that stands near the entrance to Brooklyn Bridge.

"I think it would be a treat to take you over the bridge on a trolley car. As we cross I can explain all about the great cables that suspend this tremendous structure."

The children eagerly consenting, they were soon seated in a Flatbush trolley, Mr. Davis explaining during the ride the many interesting facts of the old Brooklyn Bridge structure.

In Brooklyn, Mr. Davis showed them in passing, the City Hall, and as they passed down the streets so similar to the busy thoroughfares of New York, Anne said:

"I don't see why they changed the

name of these two towns; they are just alike and ought to be called by the same name."

"They tried that some years ago," replied Mrs. Parke. "This is all known now as Greater New York, but we are now on the Brooklyn section of it, while on the other side of the river it is known as Manhattan. Then there is the Bronx section, and the Washington Heights or Van Courtlandt sections."

On the way through Flatbush the children saw a number of genuine old houses, still standing since the time of the occupation of Long Island by the British.

"It is no wonder the American army was overpowered here by General Howe," remarked Mrs. Davis. "The British had more than 30,000 men in its army and navy—all well-trained soldiers, with plenty of food, clothing, and camp equipment to keep them in good trim. Poor Washington had only a scattered force of less than 11,000 men, with scant rations, ragged clothes, no

beds or tents for half of them, and constantly having to go from one spot to the other to defend that point."

"Yes, and when we remember how badgered the Americans were, by not being sure where the English would strike first—landing on Staten Island as they did, and swarming in their fleet of battleships, transports, sloops-of-war and floating batteries of guns up the East River, along the Hudson and about the bay so that it would have taken a dozen armies to keep watch of their many maneuvers," added Mrs. Parke.

"Then when Howe so arranged his army that one regiment threatened from one side, another from another side, and the main army from the rear, what were the Americans to do but fight or give up?" said Mr. Davis, while the children listened eagerly to this history, which was very real when on the ground of the scenes.

"Had it not been for that master-stroke of Washington's, when he had but one tiny hope left to save his men—

retreat and move over the East River during the heavy fog, what might have been the final result of that war? When we think of the way he handled that great army of sick, hungry, weary and wounded men, discouraged and broken-spirited as each one was, and inspired them with enough will-power and patriotism to brace up and start in absolute silence and under cover of the fog, to cross the deep and dangerous current of the river on flat-bottomed boats, we, at this late day, but faintly feel the great praise due him; and to think that not one man was lost or injured in that transport work!"

"It must have been a terrible blow to Howe, when he discovered his birds all flown in the morning and no one knew how or when!" Jack chuckled in hearty enjoyment.

"I wish I had been there to laugh in his face!" declared George.

"Huh! You wouldn't have laughed long or very loud—he would have clapped you in irons and thrown you into one of those wet, filthy, dark holes



he used for the American prisoners!" said John.

"Well, even if I wasn't at the battle scene of Long Island, I would have loved to stand in front of the Old City Hall on Wall Street on that Fourth of July, 1776, and listen to Washington read from the balcony the Declaration of Independence to his army. How that must have cheered them up and made them willing to fight all England!" said George, with emphasis.

Mr. Davis hired an automobile when the party reached the end of the Flatbush ride, and took the children to Gowan's Cove, to Wallabout Market, which used to be called "Walla Bouche" by the Walloons, who settled this section of Brooklyn. They also passed the Gowanus Canal of historic fame, and many other places, stopping at Fort Hamilton to be able to see Governor's Island at close range, as no visitors were admitted on the Island since the declaration of war on Germany.

On the way back from Fort Hamilton, the sight-seeing party visited the

Throgg's Neck, Red Hook, and other districts where battles had occurred; but so modernized were these spots, that no one would have dreamed that any disastrous battle had ever taken place there.

The next day, both gentlemen being free to escort the party about the city, they started at nine o'clock to get in a full day. John was on hand right on the minute, and they started out by visiting Central Park first. The great Egyptian obelisk, brought across seas from Alexandria in 1880, was studied, but no one could decipher the strange symbols carved on its surface.

"It is called 'Cleopatra's Needle,' and is said to be the finest specimen of old Egyptian monuments in existence," said Mr. Parke, focussing a camera to take a picture of it.

Then they visited the Museum of Art, where treasures of all kinds are to be found, paintings, statuary, collections of stones, jewels, antiques of all kinds, and a famous collection of tapestries.

The zoo proved to be a diversion from the other sights, and could the children have remained long enough, it is quite certain that the monkeys would have been made ill by all the peanuts fed them.

From the museum and zoo, the children were taken to the Museum of Natural History, on the Park Annex grounds, located on 77th Street and Central Park West. Here, too, they found interesting things: all sorts of stuffed birds, animals and American relics. Of all the animals, the dinosaur interested them the most, for its great size and queer snout.

"Now we'll cross to Riverside Park and visit the Sailors' Monument, which is considered one of the finest erected to our marines," said Mr. Davis.

"And when we finish that, we will get on a bus and ride up to Grant's Tomb and let the kiddies see the great monument raised by a grateful people to the general of the Civil War," added Mr. Parke.

"We haven't seen Washington's

Arch down at Washington Square yet," reminded George, fearful of missing something.

"I know, but I thought it would be fine to get on a Fifth Avenue bus when we finish Columbia University on the Heights, and complete our college tour with the City College on 137th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, and ride all the way downtown along Riverside Park to 72nd Street, thence to Fifth Avenue. Down that famous avenue we can see many interesting buildings and sights, and at last we will jump off at Washington Square," promised Mr. Parke.

So the time flew rapidly by while the different places were visited, and finally the tired group almost rolled from the bus when it reached Washington Square. Here they took but half interest in the great arch erected to the memory of Washington, and all were thankful enough to get on another bus to ride uptown to the hotel.

"Oh, I'm glad we haven't all Europe to see like this!" sighed Martha, throw-

ing herself on a couch the moment they entered the parlor of the suite.

"Poor John! I think I will telephone his mother and ask her to allow him to remain with us for to-night," said Mrs. Parke, when she saw the drooping eyelids of the weary boy.

"Oh do, please, and then I won't have to get up so awfully early in the morning. Why, Great-aunt Belinda makes every one in her household rise at six o'clock, and we breakfast at seven," said John, revealing the cause of his prompt arrival each morning at the hotel.

John was given permission to remain that night, and Mrs. Graham added that she would be down herself at nine in the morning to accompany her friends to Washington's Headquarters, where they proposed to visit the next day.



## CHAPTER IV

### THE BATTLE OF NEW YORK

**E**VERY one was hungry, and when they had gathered about the dining-room table, full justice was done the viands served in the restaurant. While waiting for dessert (the children had ice cream every time) Mr. Davis remarked:

"Any one want to go to the theatre to-night? I had some tickets reserved for a play that is said to be very good."

"Do you mean us, too, when you say 'any one'?" asked Anne.

"Goodness, no! You youngsters are too tired," laughed her father.

"Oh, no, we're not! We're never too tired for fun," replied Jack quickly.

"I think it will be very nice to see a play, Sam," said Mrs. Parke, thanking him for the suggestion.

"Well, then we must hurry and not miss the whole of the first act. Couldn't we leave the children to go to bed alone for this time?" asked Mr. Parke.

"I'll ask the chambermaid to see that they are all right and have what they want," said Mrs. Parke.

"Mother, if you all are going to have a good time, why can't we have ice cream and cake for a treat up in the parlor?" begged Anne.

"Why, you're having ice cream now!" exclaimed Mrs. Davis.

"But this is dessert—upstairs it will be a party!" cried Jack.

The elders laughed, and promised that Maggie, the maid, should be told to give the children a party as they desired.

After the elders had gone, the five children gathered in the parlor waiting for Maggie's appearance. She was having her supper, and said she would be upstairs in a short time.

"Do you know, we haven't played war in the *longest* time—I've almost forgotten how!" sighed George.

"That's 'cause we had so much other stuff to do," replied Martha.

"I wish we could play Nathan Hale and the British now," ventured Jack.

"You just can't in a place full of furniture—no trees, no grass, no creek to play with," remonstrated George.

"It's 'most eight o'clock. Maggie should be finished with her supper long ago," said Martha, getting up to peep out of the door to see if there were any signs of the maid in the long hallway.

To her great delight she saw Maggie coming down the soft carpeted corridor, and soon after, she knocked at the door.

"Is you'se all right in here?" questioned Maggie.

"As right as can be without that ice cream," retorted George.

Maggie grinned. "Yer mudder said you'se were to have it sent up at eight-thirty. I th'ot like as how I'd stop to see if I wuz wanted for anything and if not, I'd run upstairs to get the clean towels for your rooms."

"Run ahead, and don't be behind time with the cream," agreed Jack, sighing, as he took up a magazine from the center table.

"This is a tiresome life when there's nothing to kill time with," also sighed George, after Maggie had gone.

"Let's have a pillow fight," suggested Martha.

"Come on, boys, that'll be better than nothing," added Anne, taking the magazine from her brother.

John was spending the night with them, so the five had quite a lively time in the fight, until the clock on the mantel chimed eight-thirty.

"Time for the cream!" shouted George, picking up the down that had escaped from the pillows while batting them back and forth.

The children waited fully five minutes for Maggie and the cream, and then Jack declared he would not stand for such neglect! He took up the telephone from the wall near the door and asked the clerk to find out where Maggie was.

The clerk ascertained that Maggie was the maid for their floor, and said she had been sent upstairs to help another maid who was ill that evening. He would let her know that she was wanted.

Five minutes more passed by, and still no Maggie. Then George had a brilliant idea.

"I'll run and scout for her. I've never been anywhere about this hotel, except down in the dining-room and entrance. I'll have a look around, and find her at the same time."

"I'll go with you," suggested Jack.

"Can't we go, too?" asked the girls.

"No, girls mustn't wander around like this, but John may come if he likes," replied George, going out into the corridor.

Not wishing to let the elevator boy know they were on a tour of inspection, the three boys walked up to the next floor. A corridor exactly the same as the one they were on, was the only thing to see. Voices were heard—seemingly from the floor above.



"That must be Maggie upstairs," said Jack.

So up another flight they went, and found a couple at the head of the stairs talking loudly to a deaf old lady. Maggie was not to be seen. The three strangers got on the elevator, and the three boys walked down the length of the corridor. Almost at the extreme length of it, a door stood open, and the boys were sure Maggie would be in that room, very probably making it ready for guests.

"My, this is an awful big house," remarked John.

"Almost like a canyon—these high, dark corridors," said Jack.

"It would be great sport trying to catch a spy running away from us down these gulleys and mountain-steps," grinned John.

By this time the boys had reached the end of the hallway, and stood looking in at the opened door of the room; but it was not a guest-room. It was a store-room of some sort. The door had been left open by mistake, most

likely, for no one was about on the entire length of the corridor.

"It must be a junk room," said George.

"They keep old half-worn stuff in it, I guess," added Jack, glancing at the shelves on one side, piled up with miscellaneous items.

"Oh! Look at all the bellboys' uniforms! All colors, different from what some of them wear now," said John.

"Maybe they're here to be repaired or for extra help," suggested George.

The boys stood looking over the motley assortment of things, when suddenly Jack exclaimed:

"What do you say to playing war? Let's dress up in the old uniforms and have some sport!"

"Say!" admired John, looking at Jack with envy.

George said not a word in reply, but looked up and down the corridor to see if any one was about. It was empty and quiet.

"Let's take one each, and two for the girls," whispered George, tiptoeing into

the room and selecting a green cloth suit, trimmed with gold braid and brass buttons. After holding it up against him to gauge the size, he threw it over his arm, and then selected a similar suit for Martha. John also found a uniform about his size, and Jack took two—one for himself and one for Anne.

Just as the three raiders reached the head of the stairway, they heard the elevator coming up to that floor. Quick as a flash, they slid down the first section of the stairs, to let the elevator continue past the floor before they ran down the other flights.

Into the parlor bounced the three boys, laughing and bursting with plans for a campaign. The two girls had grown tired of waiting for the boys and Maggie, and were watching the crowds on the brilliantly-lighted street many stories below.

"What do you think? A battle in New York!" cried Jack, throwing the uniforms on the floor.

"Now we can have some fun!" added George.

"Oh, where'd you find them?" asked Martha and Anne in one breath.

"Never mind where—get into them and let's go to war," retorted John, taking his uniform to one of the bedrooms.

The outer door from the parlor to the corridor was well secured against surprise, and then the children quickly dressed in the uniforms. Canes left by the two gentlemen, and umbrellas, were perfectly satisfactory guns for the soldiers. One after the other they appeared in the parlor, and laughingly admired one another.

"Now what? We're all ready," said John.

"Martha, twist up your curls! Soldiers can't have such hair when they fight!" scorned George.

So Martha ran to her mother's room and pinned up her hair, keeping it on top of her head by dragging her father's travelling cap over it.

The boys also got their caps, and then they stood in line while George drilled them.

"This room is too small for any fun," said Jack.

"Can't we parade down the hallway? If we hear any one coming we can hide," suggested Martha.

The others exchanged looks. That was a tempting idea.

"Might as well. No one is about as early as this," said Jack.

"Come on, then! George, you're general, you know, so you must go first," advised Anne.

Nothing loath, George opened the door softly and peeped out. "All's quiet on the Brandywine!" reported George, going out on tiptoes.

Once out in the hall, however, the five Yanks seemed to lose their nerve. First Anne rushed back to the parlor, then Martha followed. Finally, the three boys came tumbling in, for no other cause than that they thought they heard footsteps somewhere.

"You're a lot of cowards! If Washington ever had to fight with runaways like you two, I pity him!" sneered George.



"Well, didn't you run back, too?" exclaimed Martha.

"Only to see what you girls were after! We're going out now and march properly!" declared Jack.

"So'll we—this time!" promised Anne.

Again the army sallied forth, George telling them that they had to storm the heights of Brooklyn and Harlem to hold the forts in New York.

The general marched his army down the whole length of the corridor without meeting any one, and then they stormed the stairs at the end of the hallway. Up on the next floor they marched again, and not a soul was there to watch or applaud, although the uniformed army marched as well as a squad of bellboys—in fact, they resembled them closely.

"Now, men! Howe and his men are climbing up the ridge and we must fight on the Heights or be captured!" warned the general, waving his cane at the next flight of stairs.

Up this flight swarmed the five Con-

tinentials, and at the top they turned to shoot down any English that dared to follow; but no one was to be seen.

The general held a council of war with his army. What was there to do in this terrible extremity—the East River on one hand, the different regiments of the British on two sides, and Howe, with his main army, back of them?

“There’s only one thing left for us—to cross the river in the fog and gain New York again,” declared George.

“How can we cross, when there is nothing to cross?” asked Anne, with great lack of imagination.

“Oh, if our creek were only here, wouldn’t it be a lark!” sighed Martha.

“Why, this hallway is our river, can’t you see? The fog is so thick one can hardly tell which is land and which is water, but we can cross it all right, if you only follow me!” cried Washington courageously.

Down the whole length of the corridor he tore, eagerly followed by his four men, and reaching the stairway at

the end he rushed up to the next floor.

This happened to be the top floor, and the roof, which was used in summer as a garden dining-room, and was now deserted, except for a few tubs of greens and some odd chairs standing about, was at the top of the next flight.

In marching the army from the East River to camp in New York, George found the roof and exulted in the spot.

"Just the place for an engagement! We can hide behind the palm trees and shoot at each other when one of us tries to cross the city. Two of us have to be British, though."

"John and I will be English, and the girls and you will be Yanks," said Jack, looking around to make sure no one was about.

"If we only had some of those apples for ammunition! Do you remember how soft and squashy they were when they hit you in the head?" laughed John, at the memory of that conflict on the creek.

"Well, this must be a bayonet fight. No guns or cannon on hand, you see,

and the men at close quarters," said George.

So, making their fortifications of the tables and chairs waiting to be removed to the storehouse of the hotel, and then taking their places as American and British armies, the two sides opened warfare over the possession of New York City.

The battle waged furiously in the semi-light of the electric brilliancy which reflected from the dazzling advertising signs of the city. Both sides tried to capture each other and make them prisoners, which would end the war, but all five were agile and experienced warriors.

While Howe and Washington were engaged on the roof, Maggie had finished her extra tasks, and suddenly remembered the children. She hastily ordered the ice cream and cake to be sent up, and hurried to the suite to humbly apologize for her tardiness.

She knocked softly at the door, while framing excuses.

No one answered.

She knocked again—this time much louder, but still no one answered. Quickly then, she opened the door and found all quiet and no one in the parlor. Some odds and ends of clothing—such as George's shoes, and Jack's coat, lay on the floor.

"Poor little dears! They waited jest as long as they could an' then they got tired and went to bed widout that cream!" said Maggie, opening a bedroom door softly to bless the little sleeping darlings. But not a bed was disturbed.

Maggie hurried from one room to the other, to find clothes scattered about in each room, but not a sign of the children.

"Oh, oh, oh! What has happened to thim children? Here I was told to watch thim, and now there ain't noth'ing but clothes to watch!" cried the distressed Maggie, as she hurried for the door leading to the main corridor.

Half beside herself with fear of the unknown, Maggie flung the door open, and was about to rush out, when she



collided with the waiter, who carried the tray of ice cream and cake. As can be expected from such an impact, the tray crashed to the floor, mixing cake, cream and broken dishes well together.

The waiter shouted and berated Maggie, and she pulled at her hair and rolled her eyes upward, crying: "What shall I do? What shall I do? Them children is kidnapped er else they've run away!"

The waiter quickly ran in to inspect the premises, and came back with a fearful idea: "Black Hand again! The city's full ov thim, and these folks are rich, yo' know, an' kin pay the reward!"

Maggie and the waiter rushed down, down and down, the many flights of stairs, never stopping to take an elevator, and then ran breathlessly up to the desk to stammer hoarsely:

"Children gone! Clothes laying everywhere, and kidnappers carried them off!"

It caused a tremendous commotion. Every one within hearing crowded up

to the clerk and wanted to know who was gone, where the thieves went, what floor the burglary took place on, and many other exciting questions.

The proprietor was called out to quell the disturbance, but long before he reached the lobby, dozens of guests and callers streamed up the endless flights of steps to examine the vacant suite of rooms.

Some of the guests, who had not heard distinctly on which floor the kid-nappers had found the children, climbed to the top flight. Suddenly a nervous woman clutched her husband's arm.

"Oh, oh! Those wicked men are on the roof with the dears! Hear them shouting and things bumping about up there?" cried she.

Instantly the man, who had powerful lungs, leaned over the stair-rail and bawled down:

"Come up! Come up! The thieves are on the roof ready to throw the children down to the street if they don't stop crying!"

That brought the endless line of excited folks up and up the remaining flights of stairs, until all could quite plainly hear the noise on the roof overhead.

Suddenly a voice yelled: "Surrender! I got you cornered."

The words were ominous, but the voice was boyish. Maggie recognized it as the leader of the party of children, and she ran recklessly up to grapple with the fierce kidnappers, should it be necessary to help Mister George capture the rascals.

The guests followed closely after the brave maid, and as the crowd pushed out upon the roof, they beheld a stacked-up rampart of tables and chairs and five bellboys in a close struggle with each other.

"Where are the stolen children?" cried Maggie, rushing over to the boys, with whom she was quite at home, and, in fact, felt she was their superior.

At the unexpected interruption, the contending forces separated and looked about. To their consternation, scores

of wondering people stood near the door of the roof, staring at the five boys. The cap and hairpins of one had slipped from his (or her) head, and yellow curls blew about her head in the breeze.

George never lost his presence of mind for an instant, although he feared this surprise meant the total collapse of both armies. He called to the four children:

“Attention!”

Instantly the four stood erect and took up their arms.

“Shoulder arms!”

The four obeyed.

“Form line!”

This was also done, to the unbelief of the audience.

“Forward—March!” cried George, taking his place at the head of the line.

They started and marched directly for the door leading to the roof, where crowds of curious guests stood gaping. As the army reached the doorway, the people fell back on both sides and the victorious general led his men down the

stairs, down, down, down, followed by the throng, now laughing and gesticulating as wildly as any New Yorker can when he has been well fooled!

Along the corridor of the floor where their own suite was located, George led his army, and once safely inside that friendly door, he quickly slammed and locked it.

The five sank down on the floor, and rocked back and forth in hysterics of fun.

"Oh! That was the best fight we've ever had!" finally cried Martha.

An imperative knock at the door made them all jump, however.

"Run to your rooms and tear off these uniforms! Fire them in the closets or anywhere and jump in bed. Cover yourselves with the bedclothes before Maggie comes in with a pass-key!" ordered George quickly.

A second rap on the door found them all quickly removing the uniforms, and before Maggie could get her pass-key, the five quiet, dear little darlings were

snugly tucked in five beds snoring soundly.

The proprietor stood in the parlor wonderingly, but Maggie crept to the doors and held up a warning hand for quiet.

"They is all fast asleep, sir!" whispered she.

The dazed man shook his head, and went out thinking deeply over the queer occurrence. Could five bellboys have played that joke? But no, there was one with curls, and the maid had said the five children were not in the rooms when she sought for them!

As soon as the crowd had dispersed, Maggie went to the room where the two little girls slept in twin beds.

"That ice cream will all be melted to nuthing," said wily Maggie.

Instantly the girls were out of bed. "Where is it?"

"Ha! Tell me the truth and I'll give you the cream!" said Maggie coaxingly.

The boys heard the word "cream" and they fell into their clothes and ap-



peared at the parlor door about the same time the two girls and Maggie came from the room.

The story was told, and Maggie, finding herself as much at fault as the soldiers, promised to put the uniforms back in the closet, while the children sat down and enjoyed a double portion of ice cream.

## CHAPTER V

### SOME OF WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS

**A**N automobile was hired for the day, and as early as was practical, the party started for Bronx Park. Here they took a quick survey of the horticultural gardens and stopped a short time at the zoo, then on to the historic points of Fordham and the Bronx. Then they visited the stately mansion of the old Morris family on the Harlem River, where Washington had made his headquarters during the time he was in New York with his army.

From this place, the party went to White Plains, and saw the places still remaining to mark the points of historic interest. Thence to Dobb's Ferry, where the fine old house used by Washington for his headquarters had been purchased by a rich American, and restored to its original state.

The visitors crossed the river at this place and went to Fort Lee, but nothing of interest could be found here.

"It is much like the man himself! General Lee ruined his character and honor when he permitted the British to capture him in dressing gown and slippers!" scorned Mrs. Parke, who had always felt the utmost contempt for this disobedient American.

"I wish we had time to cross from here and visit Morristown—it is not so far in distance, but have we time to-day?" ventured Mrs. Davis.

"I have an idea!" exclaimed Mr. Parke. "What do you say if we wire the garage in New York that we will not return till to-morrow? We can then go to Newburgh and West Point, and later on to Morristown, and remain there for the night at some first-class hotel. It will be a relief to get away from the din of the New York streets, and rest in the quiet peace of a suburban town."

"We would not reach Morristown till long after dinner," said Mrs. Parke,

thinking of the tiresome ride for the children.

"Well, ask the chauffeurs about it—they ought to know the distance and time it would take to go from Newburgh to Morristown," said Mrs. Davis.

Both chauffeurs declared that it was too late to think of visiting West Point and Newburgh that day, and to cross-country to Morristown was a very poor road to travel. So it was decided to return to the city and start the next morning for West Point on the small steamer running between that point and New York. In this way, the children could see the grand old Hudson and its sights. If it were possible, and the day fair, they would drive to Morristown and the places in its vicinity made famous by Revolutionary tactics.

Mrs. Graham had arranged with her aunt that John and she would remain at home all of the following day to meet friends and distant relatives of the family. Thus John was disappointed in this trip up the Hudson, for he would have much preferred to be with

his friends, than sit in a darkened old city mansion, listening to folks talk about their family.

Early on the following day, therefore, the Parkes and Davises sailed up the Hudson, passing the Sailors' Monument and Grant's Tomb on the way. The Palisades attracted admiration, for the foliage of late fall glorified the steep cliffs of the river.

Past Yonkers, called "Younkers" in the old Dutch days, they sailed again, passing Dobb's Ferry, where they had visited the day before, and so on to Stony Point.

"Who can tell the story of Stony Point?" asked Mr. Parke.

The children looked at each other, but they seemed anxious not to venture information which might be incorrect, so Mrs. Parke decided to help them over the difficulty.

"Fortifications had been started at West Point, as it looked more defensible than positions lately occupied by Fort Clinton and Fort Montgomery. But the works at West Point were far

from completion, and Washington knew that communication must be kept open between the middle and eastern states. Detachments of his army occupied positions on both sides the river, commanding the ferry and protecting the incomplete works above. On the west bank, stationed on an elevated section of ground called Stony Point, defences had been started but were far from being completed. On the east bank, a small fort called Lafayette's on Verplanck's Point, projecting out into the river, was nearer completion than the works on the other side.

"Now, the intention of the British was to reduce both these works and capture West Point, along with Washington's division, and perhaps, that of the State of the Confederacy.

"The unfinished works at Stony Point, garrisoned by but forty men, was too weak to defend itself against Clinton's large division of the British army, landing on the eastern bank of the river, placed under command of Vaughan, so it was abandoned after



setting fire to the block-house. The garrison took stores and ammunition with them, and Clinton took possession of it without opposition. During the night he had cannon and mortars brought up and planted on the brow of the hill, opposite the fort on the other side of the river.

“At five o'clock in the morning, a heavy fire was opened upon Fort Lafayette by the command at Stony Point, and two vessels in the river managed to pass the fort, thus cutting off all chance of escape by water. General Vaughan made a circuit by land, thus completely surrounding the little garrison of seventy men. Captain Armstrong, the commander of the fort, and his men, held out all day and then capitulated.

“Clinton ordered both forts completed at once, but Washington, having heard of the British general's advance up the river, had strengthened West Point and taken up a strong position at Smith's Clove, so that the English found it unwise to attack the American

forces at that time. Besides Staten Island was threatened in his absence, so he left garrisons at the two posts captured, and retired to Phillipsburg, to be ready to assist in New York and its dependencies, or at either of the other captured forts if necessary.

"A garrison of 1000 men was left at Stony Point, and one of 5000 men at Fort Lafayette, but Clinton determined to draw the American army, so he sent Tryon with 2600 men into Connecticut. After pillaging New Haven and destroying property at Fairfield, Norwalk and Greenfield, laying the towns in ashes, and treating the people with the greatest brutality, he essayed to treat New London in the same manner, but the people were roused to such a degree, by the reports from their neighboring towns, that they opposed Tryon successfully. Hence he returned to New York to boast of his exploits.

"News of the invasion of Connecticut was late in reaching Washington, as he was visiting outposts in the vicinity of Stony Point. He understood

the design of Clinton, however, so did not weaken his forces in the Highlands to assist the troops in Connecticut; on the contrary, he planned a counter-attack on Stony Point, which, if successful, would alarm Clinton and induce him to recall the detachment from Connecticut, to defend the outpost on the river.

"Secrecy was one of the essential things to the success of this plan. One brigade was ordered to march so as to reach the scene of the action about the time the troops engaged in the attack, and so render assistance should disaster befall them.

"As you can see from the boat here, Stony Point is a hill projecting far out into the river, with three sides washed by the Hudson, and the other side attached to the mainland by a deep marsh.

"Over this marsh there was but one crossing-place, but where it joins with the river there is a sandy beach. On the summit of the hill stood the fort. Besides the garrison there were

some vessels stationed in the river to command the foot of the fort.

"At half-past eleven at night, two columns of Continentals marched with unloaded muskets, and bayonets fixed, preceded by a forlorn hope of twenty men. They crossed the marsh undiscovered, and at twenty minutes to twelve, commenced the assault.

"Surmounting every obstacle, they mounted and entered the works without discharging a single musket. They obtained possession of the fort, without the display of cruelty so prevalent in the British ranks, although sixty-three of the garrison were killed. The prisoners amounted to upward of five hundred, and the value of the military stores taken was considerable.

"An attempt was made on the opposite fort but failed. This failure, with the fifteen hundred men it would take to garrison Stony Point against the enemy's shipping, caused Washington to demolish and abandon the fort. But Clinton re-occupied and repaired it again immediately.

"Then Washington established his headquarters at West Point in July, and from that time to December, he gave his attention to the completion of the works at that post."

"Look on the right, children! There you will see the Verplanck's Point your aunt has just been describing to you as holding Fort Lafayette," called Mr. Davis, pointing out the spot to the eager children.

From that point on till the boat reached Newburgh, the elders entertained the children with various descriptions of places passed.

After visiting the headquarters at Newburgh, and going on to visit West Point, where the children were deeply interested in watching the cadets practice, they returned to the landing where they intended taking the boat back to New York. But they were too late. It had gone half an hour before they reached the dock.

"That means we must go back by train," said Mr. Parke.

"We'll get to New York much

earlier than expected. We might accomplish some other visit," suggested Mrs. Davis.

"Oh, no. The return will mean that we will have time for rest before starting the trip to Morristown tomorrow," said Mrs. Parke.

So that evening was really the first quiet or restful one enjoyed since the travellers reached New York. And in the morning, all were eager to continue their historical visits.

Through the flats of Hackensack and across the Passaic, the party rode, the elders pointing out various places that might interest the children. At Newark nothing of moment was found to convey any picture of Washington's campaign to the youthful admirers, so they continued on to Morristown.

Here they visited the old Fort Non-sense on the ridge, back of the town, and then inspected the headquarters, where a fine collection of furniture and other relics was kept on exhibition by the Washington Association of New Jersey.



Later they drove through Basking-ridge and cross-country to Pluckimin and thus on to Brunswick. Trenton was passed through on the homeward route, and then on to Jersey City, and across the ferry to New York. In going through Trenton the old hall and other historic buildings were pointed out to the children.

That night George had a suggestion to offer.

"We've done nothing but see, and *see*, and *see* places since we've landed here from home, and I say that we now do something different."

"But this trip was planned to show you children all we could to enlighten you on history," replied Mrs. Parke.

"I feel so light that it would take little to waft me up to the sky," said Martha, hoping so to create sympathy.

"Now that we have completed the round of places to be visited in the interests of Revolutionary history, suppose we continue on our way to Philadelphia. There is a mine of historical places to be visited in and about that

city; besides we will be home and we won't have to bother like we do in a hotel," said Mrs. Davis.

"I second that motion!" cried Jack.

"But our week of vacation is not yet over in New York," argued Mr. Parke.

"Well, why not leave you two men behind to finish up your week, while we go on with the children to prepare the people of the Quaker City for the unexpected coming of the Little Washingtons?" laughed Mrs. Parke.

"Do say yes, father!" begged Martha.

"I see! My own daughter wants to get away from my company!" exclaimed Mr. Parke tragically.

"We wouldn't if you were finished with your business affairs, but we know right well what will happen if we tear you away now! It will mean a delay all 'round," said Mrs. Parke, from former experiences.

"Well, then Sam and I will say 'good riddance' and send you off on the morrow's train from the Pennsylvania Station," agreed Mr. Parke.

## CHAPTER VI

### GEORGE'S STRANGE BATTLE

**T**HAT evening some city friends called at the hotel to see the Parkes and Davises, and wishing the children to get a good night's sleep, the parents decided to receive the callers in a parlor downstairs, and turn down the lights in their own parlor.

After they had gone down, George felt so restless he could not keep quiet, so he slipped out of bed and went out to the parlor to amuse himself. The lights were turned up again, and a souvenir book of the Woolworth building was found on the table. This book had been purchased when they were up in the tower, but so much had been crowded in the few days in the city, that no one had taken time to look at the pictures.

Now, however, George found the pictures and text very entertaining for want of company or something better to do. He pored over the illustration of the tower, wondering at the great height of the structure, and the manner in which it was built.

He sat in a corner of the comfortable couch, his bare feet sticking out from his new pajamas purchased that very day. As he read the book, his eyelids drooped several times, but George always fought off sleep to the very last moment, so he bravely refused to give in to it now.

Suddenly, as he turned a page of the book, he heard a stealthy step behind him, coming from the open window. He turned just in time to see a masked face lean over the couch, and then a great bony hand reached out and grabbed him under the arms and lifted him up.

George immediately essayed to scream for help, but a hand was placed over his mouth, while the man growled: "You help me gag him, then we'll tie

this towel tight about his wrists and ankles."

This was done, while poor George was helpless to defend himself. He wondered if George Washington ever had such a cowardly game played on him.

"Now we'll sneak downstairs with him and watch our chance to get away," whispered the man to his accomplice.

George felt himself carried to the door, but in a sudden twist of his body he managed to slip out of the villain's grasp, and in rolling upon the floor, he upset a stand with a jardinière of flowers on it. This crashed down and woke up the other children, which was just what George wanted.

The two rascals quickly caught up their victim again, and rushed out, leaving the door wide open. The three other children were heard running out and calling "George! George!" but he could not reply.

Just as the two men reached the head of the stairs, the three pajamaed chil-

dren ran out in the hall and saw them carrying George away. He saw them follow and heard them scream for help, but he himself was helpless to move or utter a sound.

Down the many flights of stairs the two men now rushed with their burden, the three night-dressed children running after. On the main floor, they fled down the wide marble ornamental stairs and through the lobby, throwing people right and left as they rushed madly for the door. The three white-robed friends of George followed close at the heels of the villains.

A hue and cry then started, and as the men reached the curb to jump into a waiting taxicab, the people of the hotel and the crowds on the street joined in the chase. The Parkes and Davises, and the children as well, all ran screaming to the sidewalk, yelling to every one to stop the runaways. George could hear this until the cab turned the corner and tore down Broadway.

As the reckless driver flew down-



town, George held his breath in constant fear of being smashed to atoms by colliding with a trolley or automobile crossing one of the many streets.

Down the densely-thronged thoroughfare flew the cab, the police whistling signals for it to stop, and shooting revolvers at the tires to cause a puncture, but, strange to say, the cab escaped without a single damage to windows or tires.

By the time the runaways reached Union Square, a long mob of people were tearing after them, all in hot pursuit of the villains. In the foremost ranks ran the parents and the barefooted, night-robed children. George heard the men say so, as they watched from the window in the back.

Down Fifth Avenue went the cab until it reached Washington Square. Under the famous Washington Arch it flew, one wheel striking the base and causing the cab to swerve. As it righted itself again, one of the wheels came loose, and so on down, down they tore in constant danger of throwing

the wheel and being flung into a stone building or a passing trolley.

That fearful shaking and fear almost made George sick, but he remembered how Washington must have felt when everything seemed against him and his country. "Did he give up and let Howe get away with him and his army? No, siree! He did not. Neither will I!" thought George.

Finally the cab reached City Hall Park, and around the park it flew, while the two men wondered where they could go with their captive.

"Can't cross the bridge without being arrested, you know. They have guards there," said one.

"Can't go across to Liberty Island at this time of night. Can't go anywhere except to the Woolworth Tower!" said the other.

"Just the place! If any one follows we will drop him off!" threatened the first man.

So the cab pulled up by the side entrance to the Woolworth building, and the two men hustled George on an ele-

vator inside, and made the man send the elevator to the top where the room was that visitors had to pass through to reach the tower. Here they found the man asleep, as no visitors were expected that night.

They bundled George on the tiny elevator that ran to the very tip-top of the tower, and one of the rascals ran it up. Then they went out on the narrow balcony that circled the tower. As they walked around here, dragging George by the belt of his pajamas, they watched the mob tearing across City Hall Park in pursuit.

George could look over the parapet, and he was sure he saw his mother in front, calling to him, 'way up in that tower. He wanted to assure her that he was brave and would be all right, but one of the men thought he was signalling to his friends.

"What shall we do if some of them follow us up here and try to catch us?" wondered one of the men.

"We'll warn them—we'll throw him over if they try to come up!" said the

other, shaking a fist at the crowds in the park.

Meantime, as many as could get on the elevators, did come up to the room, but the small elevator that ran to the tower would only hold five or six at a time, and there was no one to run it. The man who slept in the chair could not be roused, so Mr. Parke said he would run the lift to the top.

The two villains threatened in vain—George's father started for the balcony to save his son. Then the men lifted George upon the stone guard, and he could look down into the dizzy depths, where the people ran about like ants on the earth.

"If you step another inch, down he goes!" roared one of the men.

"What shall we do?" wailed Mrs. Parke, wringing her hands.

While one of the men stood guard at the door that opened on the balcony, the other carried George around to the other side of the balcony. The moment George found but one man to hold him, he squirmed and wriggled so that he

soon got out of the fellow's hold, and then he managed in some way to free his two hands.

The man tried to hold him again, but with his hands free George also managed to free his feet. Then he jumped up and defied the rascal. As the man turned to call his partner, George saw that the mayor had ordered an aeroplane from Governor's Island to rise and save him. Determined to hold off the two villains long enough to give the aviators time to reach the tower, George ran around and around the tower—the door leading to the balcony having been bolted on the outside by the villain on guard to keep help and friends from reaching George. Then, as the aeroplane almost flew over George's head, the men saw it and realized that they would soon lose their prize unless they could catch him again. So one of them planned to go one way, and the other the other way, and so catch George before he could be carried off.

Fortunately for George, an ex-

perienced aviator flew the machine, and as he swooped down in a graceful loop, he dropped a tackle out and caught George in the back of his pajamas. Just as the two men met in a swift run around the balcony and bumped together, they saw their victim lifted out of their grasp, and they jumped to catch hold of him.

But the plane was swiftly skimming over the city on its way to the hangars on Governor's Island. George never dared to move or even breathe for fear that the great hook would rip the madras of his pajama coat and so let him drop.

The aeroplane reached the water, however, and was speeding over the bay to the island, when George heard an ominous r-r-rip at his back. He tried to call to his friend, the aviator, to haul him up, but the madras kept right on tearing once it started, and just as George could see the aviation field on the island, and could feel the aeroplane rapidly descending, the material in the coat gave way entirely and



down plunged the luckless George into the deep water.

The mayor had very thoughtfully ordered the whistles on the bay to blow, and many scows and other craft tied up for the night, showed lights or blew whistles. Just as the coat began tearing, a powerful searchlight, called the Sperry light, shot across the bay, and when George fell, a great chorus of steam-whistles started their warning signals to ferryboats and other ships that were still passing back and forth.

George felt himself going down, down into the water, but it was not as cold as he feared it might be. He soon bobbed up on the surface, and no sooner had his head appeared in the great flashing pathway of light shed on the bay, than a submarine shot past and a long arm lifted him out of the water and dragged him into the hold.

Down went the submarine, and George rubbed the salt water from his eyes to find himself a prisoner of some fierce-looking German pirates.

They taunted him at first, but when

the captain came in from his private den, they were silenced.

"Who are you?" demanded the captain.

"I am George Washington, commander-in-chief of the American forces!" proudly replied George.

"Yah! Such a fine prize ve never hoped to get in New York vaters. Frents, ve sail home mit him to once, and present him to our Kaiser!" gloated the captain, rubbing his hands together.

Immediately the men in the submarine went to work, and George felt the undersea craft fairly flying through the water. But they left him alone, never dreaming that he was a brave and determined fighter. When no one was looking, George crept over to the opening where the torpedoes were shoved in and launched. He had a desperate idea.

He managed to swing a torpedo about and slide it in the tube. Then he managed in some marvelous manner, to close the door of the tube, first seating himself astride the torpedo. He

pulled with all his might on a cord that hung inside the tube, and simultaneously with the opening of the steel plate in front of the torpedo, the swift missile shot forth from the submarine.

George had no idea where it might strike, but he clung like a leech to the slippery sides, as it flew through the green waters. So swiftly did it fly that George never had a good look at the shark that swam up eager to eat him.

Suddenly something deflected the torpedo, and it rose up on the surface and skimmed over the top of the waves. Straight on for Brooklyn Heights the awful explosive went, and all George could see was General Howe giving the sign to hang Nathan Hale to a telegraph pole, when the torpedo struck and blew all of Long Island into the air. George rose with it, and while he tried to catch his breath, the great American eagle flew over his head and stretched out a claw. He was firmly held in this clutch, and carried dangling over the East River and right up to the cupola of City Hall, where the

eagle had built a nest, all unknown to the citizens.

George was just about to pat the eagle on the head, when the patriotic mayor climbed to the cupola and thanked the eagle for his services. Then he turned to George:

"I knew such a great general as Washington could not be carried a prisoner to the Kaiser. I have kept our great American eagle roosting in this cupola for just such emergencies. I knew there were Black Hands and dangerous spies in the city, but I never dreamed they would dare to make off with our Washington! All of the loyal and patriotic American citizens of this city agreed with me, that New York needed the eagle here to keep trouble away, but who could tell to what lengths these bad men would go?—even so far as to kidnap our great and true Washington. Now that we have saved the city from the grasp of the enemy, who would have destroyed it utterly, I wish you would make a speech to the crowds waiting below in the park."

George consented, and as he stood on the edge of the cupola, holding the mayor's hand on one side, and leaning gracefully on the American eagle as it stood beside him on the other side, the throngs of people cheered and cheered for the great general who blew up the British army on Long Island.

Just as George cleared his throat to address his countrymen something terrible happened, and George found himself rolling on the floor of the hotel parlor, where he had fallen from the couch.

He sat up and rubbed his eyes and stared around to see if the patriotic mayor was safe and sound, and what had become of the American eagle, when the elders came into the room, laughing and talking.

"Why, George! You out of bed?" cried Mrs. Parke.

"Bed! Why, I haven't had a second's time to think of bed! Ever since those two masked rascals, who were enemies of the mayor, grabbed me, I've been in so much trouble that the American

eagle had to save me!" exclaimed George, getting up from the floor and limping over to replace the Woolworth souvenir on the table.

"What *are* you all laughing at, anyway?" cried George testily, as he limped into his room, wishing he had had time to speak that fine speech he had ready.



## CHAPTER VII

### BATTLE-GROUNDS AROUND PHILADELPHIA

**T**HE next morning the ladies and children left New York for Philadelphia, the home of the Davises. On the journey there Mrs. Parke was begged for a story of the time when Washington fought so hard to protect the city they were bound for.

“After leaving Brunswick, New Jersey, when Cornwallis appeared there, Washington retreated, leaving twelve hundred men to protect Princeton, and, with the rest of the army, proceeded to Trenton, on the Delaware. He collected and guarded all the boats on the river for seventy miles either side of Philadelphia, then sending the sick over to the latter city, he followed with baggage and equipment. Leaving the thousand men at Princeton to keep up

the appearance of resistance to the English army, he was about to move his main army, when he heard that Cornwallis was planning to cut off his retreat across the Delaware. Hastily calling the men from Princeton, he began a quick retreat, and managed to get all his men across the river and hold the boats on the Philadelphia side, about the time the British army reached the river on the Jersey side.

“As no boats were to be had, the enemy could not cross, so the American army had a rest on the Pennsylvania side. It was during this retreat from New Jersey that Washington heard of the capture of Lee, at a tavern near Baskingridge, where he had been sleeping some distance from his men.

“When the British found they were cut off from pursuit of the American army, they fell to enjoying themselves in New Jersey, while waiting for the ice to freeze solid on the river to enable them to cross to Philadelphia.

“But the Hessians indulged in such open cruelty that many of the inhabi-

tants changed from the proffered friendship to bitter enmity.

"On receiving news of the different cantonments and numbers of the British troops, Washington decided to make a bold effort to check their progress.

"He formed his men into three divisions, purposing to attack the Hessians, 1,500 strong, where they were posted at Trenton; but in trying to cross the Delaware, one division, under Cadwallader, failed because of the tides and the piled-up ice on the Jersey bank.

"The second division was to cross at Trenton Ferry, but this also failed on account of the ice. The third, under command of Washington himself, consisting of about 2,400 men, accomplished the passage with great difficulty.

"Had not the obstacles and weather prevented the other two divisions from joining Washington in this fight, the result of this masterly stroke would have been to sweep the British from their holds on the Delaware, and thus establish a firm foothold in New Jersey.

As it was, Washington had to forbear a final battle, and remain satisfied with having won a partial victory. He recrossed the river with his prisoners, six pieces of artillery, 1,000 stand of arms, and valuable military stores.

"This victory revived the spirits of the army, and every spark of patriotism in the land was burning brightly, when Washington again crossed the Delaware with 5,000 men to recover as much as possible of the territory overrun by the British.

"Cornwallis was on the point of sailing for England, thinking the campaign ended for the winter season, when he was compelled to resume command of his forces.

"Battle between the two armies raged all day, and at dark the British, confident of victory the following morning, desisted.

"During the night Washington silently decamped, leaving fire burning and sentinels advanced, while small parties guarded the forts. By circuitous route, the Americans approached

Princeton, where an engagement with the British took place at daybreak.

"When the Americans drove headlong on, the British took refuge in the college, but later surrendered to the Americans.

"On the coming of daylight, Cornwallis discovered the flight of the American army, and soon afterward heard firing from the direction of Princeton. He immediately understood the wise tactics of the American commander, and fearing for the safety of Brunswick, where valuable magazines were collected, he advanced toward that place, and was close upon the rear of the American army before they could leave Princeton.

"Now Washington found himself in a perilous position. His men were exhausted from lack of food and rest for two days and nights; he was pursued by the enemy, very superior in forces, well clothed, fed and rested, who would overtake him before he could fulfil his plan to take Brunswick. Under these circumstances he abandoned the proj-

ect, and took the road leading up the country to Pluckimin, breaking down the bridges over Millstone Creek and other streams, and otherwise creating obstacles to the pursuit of the enemy; but Cornwallis hastened to Brunswick, where he found all plans had been perfected for the removal of the stores and defence of the place.

“But now came the retribution for the British, who had afflicted the Jerseymen on previous trips and stays. The people hung upon the steps of the retiring army and wreaked vengeance on the men whenever opportunity offered itself.

“Washington fell back on Morristown, in the hills of New Jersey, difficult of access, and from this point, where his winter quarters were made, he overran different sections of Jersey, and by judicious movements, wrested from the British most of their conquests in the state. Thus terminated the eventful campaign of 1776.

“The success of Washington in the Jerseys permitted Congress to meet



again in Philadelphia in February, where they determined to interest foreign countries in their fight for Liberty.

"Franklin and Lee were sent to Paris to enlist the help and sympathies of France, and thus it was that the valiant Marquis de Lafayette was destined to shed glory over the Land of Liberty. In the spring, he reached America and joined Washington's army, with the rank of major-general.

"Another illustrious name that braced the muster-roll of the American warriors that year, was that of the gallant Count Pulaski, the courageous Pole.

"In August, after many encounters with the British at other places, Washington moved his army. They marched through Philadelphia down Front Street, and up Chestnut Street, proceeding by way of Chester to Wilmington. From that time on, for two weeks, Washington thoroughly reconnoitered the country round about between Philadelphia and the Chesapeake.

"General Howe landed his British

forces a few days' march from Philadelphia, where he expected to gain the right of the American army.

"After many engagements, the British army being very superior in numbers and equipment, Washington was gradually forced to retreat, and Howe took possession of Philadelphia."

Mrs. Parke suddenly concluded the story to the surprise of the audience, and George instantly said: "That isn't half of the story. You skipped a lot about the British before they could get in Philadelphia, and you never said a word about the headquarters at Brandywine, or the Battle of Brandywine!"

"Well, as you know it so well, why don't you tell it to us?" suggested Mrs. Parke.

"I don't want to. We'd rather hear you tell it," replied George anxiously.

"But I'm tired of telling it. Let Martha tell it."

"Oh, I only know about Chew's House and Red Bank and some other places in New Jersey that year," protested Martha.

"I know all about Valley Forge, and the dreadful time our army had that winter," remarked Jack.

"Well, I thought it was time to ring for some light refreshments, as we will be in Philadelphia in less than half an hour, and it will be past luncheon time when we arrive," hinted Mrs. Parke, who had other motives for not continuing the story of Philadelphia.

To this new arrangement the children immediately agreed, and the wars were forgotten in the far more interesting present campaign on luncheon.

The small tables were brought in and opened before the travellers, to the great delight of George and Martha, who had never lunched this way before, although Jack and Anne had spoken of it, when they travelled from Philadelphia to Washington.

"I think we will each have a cup of consommé," said Mrs. Parke, reading from the small menu card.

"That's plain soup!" scorned George.

"I don't want it—do you?" asked Martha, appealing to Anne and Jack.

"We'd rather have something nicer," replied they.

Mrs. Parke ignored these side murmurs and continued ordering.

"Then you can bring us some cold beef, bread and butter, cheese and crackers, and milk for the children. We ladies will have a cup of tea."

"Yas'sam!" replied the polite waiter, leaving the car.

"But what are we going to eat? You never give us cheese at home!" cried Martha in dismay.

"You can have the consommé, crackers and milk. If you care to have a bit of cold beef, you may," replied Mrs. Parke.

"But you didn't order any pie, or cake, or ice cream!" remonstrated George, almost speechless with surprise.

"No, because they only have a buffet lunch, I find. They haven't any hot dishes, or desserts other than the kind ready-made by companies. As you know, I never care to have you eat pies or ice cream made in factories."

That luncheon, so eagerly looked forward to when suggested, was a dreadful failure! Only soup and plain crackers and milk that one could get at home any time for the asking!

Arriving in Philadelphia, Mrs. Davis remarked as she noted the disappointed look of the children:

"I know where there is a fine soda-fountain near here, and they serve the best ice cream!" said she.

"Oh, let's!" sighed Martha.

And Mrs. Parke, knowing opposition to be futile, followed after the eager group as they hurried to the corner drug store.

A taxicab soon took them to the Davises' house, where the children were engaged all afternoon, in visiting the the entire house and trying out the toys in the playroom.

As the two ladies sat in the upstairs sitting-room, Mrs. Davis said: "Do tell me what caused you to suddenly change your mind about including the story of Washington's campaign in and about Philadelphia?"

"Why, I remembered that, with a story so fresh in their minds, they might try to play it out on the Philadelphians. If you or I should happen to go shopping, or be invited out to tea, we might return to find Washington's army charging on Chestnut Street, or retreating to the police-station!" Mrs. Parke laughingly answered her.

"It will not need refreshed memories to bring about such battles. They are apt to open an active campaign without notice, at any time or place," laughed Mrs. Davis.

"Still, I think it wiser to save Philadelphia's war troubles until we are safe back home on the estate," said Mrs. Parke.

Soon after this conversation, the ladies heard laughter and the patter of feet upstairs in the large playroom, and felt sure the four cousins were playing as other children did, with dolls and trains of cars, and rocking-horses and other numerous toys.

But the uproar grew so loud that



finally the two mothers went up to see what was going on.

As usual, George was commander-in-chief of the army and Jack was Howe. Martha was Lafayette and Anne was Cornwallis. The dolls, tin soldiers, stuffed animals, and everything in the imitation of any living thing were arrayed in two lines, facing each other. George was furiously riding a rocking-horse, while waving a tin sword wildly about his head. Howe stood on the window-seat issuing orders to his side. Lafayette and Cornwallis stood back of their lines, shooting peas at the helpless armies. For every tin soldier or sawdust doll shot down, a great whoop of cheer came from the victorious side. When two victims, one on each side, fell at the same time, the yells were deafening.

So enthused were the warriors that they failed to note the door opening a wee bit, so the ladies withdrew again, happy to find the children playing quietly (?) in the house.

## CHAPTER VIII

### A FIGHT WITH THE HESSIANS

“CHILDREN, have you planned to do anything this morning?” asked Mrs. Davis, at breakfast the following morning after their arrival.

“What did you expect to do?” countered George.

“Oh, nothing much, but it looks so much like rain, and the Scotch mist is so heavy and cold, I thought you children could play upstairs this morning while aunty and I do some shopping downtown. We will be home for lunch and take you to a matinee if you will be good,” promised Mrs. Davis.

“Cross your heart?” demanded Jack, for matinees were rare treats, as Mrs. Davis thought children were better off

at wholesome play in the fresh air, than sitting in a crowded theatre watching make-believe scenes on the stage.

"Yes, I'll take you to Barnum's Circus, showing this week in Philadelphia."

"Oh, goody! goody! We'll be good, all right!" cried George.

"Indeed we will. If it clears off some we might play basket-ball out in the backyard, that's all," promised Anne.

So the ladies started downtown with assurances that the four cousins would be models of virtue and good behavior until noon when they would look for their reward.

Soon after they left, the mist lifted and the air grew warmer and pleasant.

"It's kind of stuffy in the house, isn't it?" said Jack, after a heating bout with George, where both wore boxing gloves, and the girls were umpires.

"Yes, let's go out and cool off," agreed George, mopping his face.

"We can play out in the backyard, you know," suggested Anne.

"I'm so warm I don't want to play

ball, but let's go out anyway," said George.

So the four ran downstairs and out of the rear hall-door to the piazza that had steps leading down to the square of grass that was used for drying clothes. Back of this plot was a small garden that was cultivated in the summer, but was now chiefly used for a basket-ball ground.

The wash was out, so the grass-plot was impossible for the children, and they skirted the laundry and reached the barren garden.

"What's on the other side of your high fence?" asked George, eyeing the six-foot boards that had nice cross-pieces at convenient distance from the ground to the top.

"Nothing only a big vacant lot. Father says the owners have had trouble over the title to it for so many years, that now they couldn't improve it even if they had the money left to do it on," said Jack.

"And every kind of youngster from down in those tenements comes up in

that lot to play," added Anne, with disgust.

Voices were now heard on the other side of the fence and George looked at his companions.

"Guess I'll climb up and sit on top and watch 'em."

"So'll I! That won't do any harm, I guess," said Jack.

Anne and Martha watched their brothers climb up, and then following, they all sat on the smooth round top of the fence.

Some boys from the tenements were about to have a game of baseball. At first, they failed to see the four spectators sitting on the fence. When they did, however, their remarks were not flattering.

"Ha! See the sports up on the bleachers!" cried one.

"Come down and we'll show you how we bat!" called another, and at this his friends all jeered.

Jack wrinkled his nose and stuck his tongue in his cheek, making a wry face at the last speaker.

That led to more remarks from the diamond, and more faces from all four perched on the fence; finally, at a taunting sneer from one of the team on the diamond, Jack replied angrily.

Over at one side of this large vacant area was a depression that generally held muddy water from past rain storms. It seldom filtered into the earth, and the sun not reaching that side of the property, failed to dry it up. Hence, the younger children from the tenements played in this large puddle, sailing boats, or throwing stones to watch the splash.

As Jack retorted, one of the boys standing near the puddle, stooped and flung a handful of dripping mud at the fence. It struck low, but George instantly shouted:

"Don't you do that again! It's against the law to throw things in city limits!"

"Ha! Lot you know about law! Why, sissy, we're a law by ourselves!" laughed one of the boys, going over to pick up a handful of the ooze.

The rest of the gang instantly fol-



lowed their leader, and before the four on the fence could imagine what would follow, the air was filled with flying mud-balls. Some struck the fence, some flew over and spattered the clean white clothes, and some struck the four defiant citizens on the fence, although they ducked and dodged many of the missiles.

"Shall we jump down and let them laugh at us?" asked Jack.

"Don't you dare! Even if you do I won't!" cried Anne, too furious to wonder what might be the result of this fracas.

"I should say *double no!* For a dare, I'd jump over and fight them!" declared George.

"Wish we had our air-rifles!" said Jack.

"Are they fighters? Do they play fair?" asked George.

"Fight! Like tigers, but they don't know what fairness means. The whole mob'd just as soon light on you if you went over as they would throw these mud-balls," sneered Jack.

"Let's all four attack them!" ventured Martha, who was as daring as George.

"There are six of them—besides the mob that will run the minute they sniff a fight!" warned Jack.

"I've got it! Let's jump down, run alongside the house by the areaway, and get out on the street. We can run around the corner and get to the empty lot from the street, then they will be taken by surprise and can't run away," suggested Anne.

"I wish to goodness we had two other friends," sighed Jack, as the four dropped from the fence to the wild jeering of the six boys on the other side.

"Oh, Jack! Maybe Bob and Dick are home by this time. You know, when we went away, they were expected back from the country that Saturday," said Anne significantly.

As the children ran across the garden they beheld with dismay that the lovely white clothes on the lines were now all bespattered with mud. This made them determined to mete out judgment.

"Coo-oo! Bo-ob!" shouted Jack, as he stood under the neighboring dining-room window.

"Come ahead out, Dick!" yelled Anne, making a megaphone of her hands.

Two heads appeared at the side window almost immediately.

"When did you get home?" called Bob, raising the sash.

"Never mind that! Hurry out—Dick and you! Big fight on," said Jack hurriedly, running to the street.

Bob and Dick needed no further incentives, but were soon with the other four children on the sidewalk.

"Where?" was all they said.

"Empty lot back of our house. Those boys dirtied all of Bridget's clean clothes and pelted us with mud too, besides insulting and doing lots of things to us!" said Jack, while the six comrades, friends on the spot without introductions to the two southern cousins, ran around the corner of the street.

When they reached the vacant lot, however, they hid back of the stone

steps belonging to the adjoining house, and peeped about the corner to see what chances they had for a victory.

To their delight they found that the two larger boys had been called away for some reason, and only four boys of their own size were left playing ball in a half-hearted way.

"Agh! dem sissies ain't fighters! I t'ought sure dey would come ober de fence and pitch in!" said one of the ball-players to his companions.

"Yeh! So'd I. Ef Bill and Huck stayed here, we coul' have chased 'em over into their own yard and licked 'em!" said another.

At this information, George exchanged glances with Jack.

"Shall we warn them, or just fall in?" asked he.

"Did Washington send a polite letter to Howe or any of the British, when he started a fight?" was all Jack replied.

"Here you, Bob—you tackle that red-headed fellow. Dick—you take care of the fat one. Jack can fight the thin one and I'll take charge of that freckled

scrawny one—I can fight better than any of you, I guess!” planned George hurriedly.

“Here! here, what about us two girls! Can’t we help?” cried Martha, with deep grief at the turn events appeared to be taking.

“Sure! You watch and warn us, and if the other two fellows come back, you blow this whistle for help!” advised Jack, handing his newly-acquired police-whistle to Anne.

Before the four ball players could well understand who was rushing, or what the four boys were about, each one of the Washington forces had picked his man and was already busy on the offensive.

In a few moments, the ball players, termed by George the low-down Hessians, recognized the two boys from the fence-top and with a yell of fury, pitched in to fight with all their strength.

George bawled out orders for his companions to follow, and at every fresh attack upon the Hessians, the

four Americans whooped and fell to with renewed lust of battle.

Martha and Anne were deeply interested in hoping and watching for the Hessians—those cruel heartless fellows, who had injured and destroyed the lives and properties of the American citizens at Brunswick, Princeton, and other Jersey towns. It served them good and right to have Washington's men flay the breath out of them.

But the Hessians were almost spent and ready to give up when Cornwallis, in the form of two pals from the tenelements, came along and seeing the battle, added reinforcements to their almost vanquished army.

Now Washington was desperate. He and his men were out-numbered by the arrival of the new forces, who were fresh and somewhat larger than the rest of the Hessians, and this meant watchful and wary war.

But they had not counted on Anne and Martha. The moment the two reinforcements from the Hessians arrived, Martha cried:



“Come on, Anne! Let’s throw mud at them!”

Mud-balls flew thick and fast for a time, and every one—Americans as well as Hessians—was blinded, choked, or spattered before Anne remembered the whistle! Neither Jack nor she knew what would happen if it were used. They had heard, however, that in times of dire need help would come upon the blowing of a whistle.

The whistle did bring help. But Anne wished she had not used it when she saw a strange officer run across the street, and rush into the mob of boys where nothing but flying fists could be seen. The Hessians were accustomed to being routed by the police, and instantly took to their heels, leaving the battle-field to the American forces.

The officer thought the four remaining boys were also from the tenement district, as their clothes were torn and spattered with mud. He mustered them in a group, and was about to march them off to the station-house, when the fat laundress from the Davises’ house

mounted a ladder she had placed against the fence, determined to investigate the cause of the mud which she had found all over her clean laundry.

The policeman was a friend of Bridget's, and she berated the "dirty varmints," who ruined her week's washing. She shook two great fists at the four boys, but not until the two girls had explained, would they believe that the boys had been erstwhile clean, decent citizens fighting under Washington's command.

So the battle with the Hessians ended, and the American troops had to retreat to their "fastnesses in the Jersey Hills."

As the six warriors and the policeman walked up the street where the houses of the children stood, a taxicab pulled up alongside the curb and stopped before the Davises' house. Two ladies alighted, and one of them paid the chauffeur. As they turned to go up the steps of the house, the vanquished army met them.

"Well, mother, that was a great battle, and I'm sure those Hessians will

know better than to attack defenceless people again," bragged George, trying to see from a swollen eye.

"Not defenceless—but 'on-the-fence' Americans," corrected Jack, tittering.

"Oh, oh! Are these our children?" wailed Mrs. Davis, backing away from the muddy, tattered group.

"They says they are—and Miss Bridget—she oughter know when she sees 'em. She says dey are belongin' here, all right!" said the officer, grinning at their plight.

"Where did you find them, officer?" asked Mrs. Davis.

"Yander, on the nex' block! They were fighting with a lot of ruffians," said the officer, lifting his hat and preparing to leave.

"Oh, thank you so much for taking care of them! And do buy some candy for your children at home, officer!" said Mrs. Davis, handing the man a dollar.

The children then proudly related the "Battle of the Hessians." The mothers, however, were not impressed, and

soundly reproved them for their failure to keep the promise of good behavior.

As they left the dining-room after lunch, Mrs. Parke remarked: "We secured tickets for the circus, but I don't see why we should take you performers when you manage to have all the circus you want without troubling us."

"What do you suppose we hurried and bathed and combed our hair and dressed up for, if not for the circus this afternoon?" complained Jack, thinking of all the wasted moments used to make his neck clean, and to brush down his unruly cow-licks.

"Surely you didn't expect to come into this dining-room covered with mud and rags, did you?" cried Mrs. Davis, aghast.

"Not exactly, but we didn't have to *waste* so much soap and hot water, if we thought you were going to turn traitor. I'm not surprised Washington had such a hard time in that war, when even his own relations went back on him—after he fought for the honor of

his people the way he did!" grumbled George.

"I'd just as soon be born a descendant of Howe as to have folks misunderstand your Americanism!" added Jack.

But this was too much for the mothers, who were Daughters of the Revolution, and although the connection between Washington at Princeton fighting the Hessians seemed to have nothing in common with the boys of the tenement alleys, they felt the spirit of patriotism that had moved their army to enter the defence of the place.

So, in spite of the dire need of punishment for four fighting Americans, they were treated to the circus instead. And the event of the battle in the morning was quite erased from their minds when they came forth from that wonderful place, having feasted their eyes on animals, tricks, clowns too funny to describe, trapeze actors, acrobats, and too many things to remember all at once.

## CHAPTER IX

### FAREWELLS TO WASHINGTON

LETTERS came from New York, stating that Mr. Parke and Mr. Davis would be in Philadelphia the following day, so if the children had not yet visited various sights of historic interest, they would escort them about and give the ladies a rest.

"Now, I'll tell you, mother! It is my birthday, you see, the day after to-morrow, and you promised me a party this year. While father and uncle take us about, you and Aunt Kate can fix up a fine party at home. Ask every one you know and let's play Hallowe'en games, even if it is too soon," said Jack coaxingly.

"It would be nice to have that party while your cousins are here," admitted Mrs. Davis.

"Oh, aunty, you don't know what a



good worker mother is when there's a party to be made ready!" exclaimed Martha eagerly.

"That settles it! Aunty must work for the party," laughed Mrs. Davis.

"We'll all work for it. You just tell us what to do, and see if we can't hustle!" bragged Jack.

"I suppose you will be glad to crack walnuts and shell them for cake, eh?" teased Mrs. Parke, who knew of her children's failing in that line of work.

"Try me!" laughed Jack.

So it was hastily decided to celebrate Jack's birthday with a sort of Halloween party, although it was only the middle of October. And every one went to work on the plan for the celebration.

About a dozen invitations were sent out, which, with the four cousins, would make sixteen guests for the party; this was said to be quite enough for a jolly time. Then cakes, prizes and other things had to be prepared, and in the midst of the pleasant excitement the two fathers arrived.

"Seen all of Philadelphia, I suppose," said Mr. Parke later in the evening.

"Nothing but the battlefield between the Hessians and Washingtons," said George.

"Now, what does that mean?" asked Mr. Davis.

So the boys told about the fight, in terms to suit their patriotic sense of the affair, so that it did not appear to the men as having been just an ordinary brawl between two hostile factions, but that is what both the ladies persisted in calling it.

The next day the two men escorted the four children as promised, Mr. Davis using the automobile for the trip. They visited the old state house, Girard College, the Custom House and Sub-treasury, and the new city hall, which had cost more than \$20,000,000, and is one of the finest and largest of municipal buildings in the United States. The statue of William Penn crowns the top of its dome. Then, too, they saw the post office, built of granite, which, they

were told, has no superior in postal buildings in the country.

In the state house the four little patriots saw a large apartment on the first floor which the men said was Independence Hall. It was decorated with quaint carvings, and pictures of famous Americans adorned its walls. Many of the chairs used by the members of Congress in 1776 still stood here to remind the children of that great event—the reading and signing of the Declaration of Independence, executed in this city.

“Now, children, let us go and see the famous Liberty Bell. After that we will visit the rooms where Colonial relics are kept on exhibition,” said Mr. Davis.

The children looked well at the token of what the great Revolution stood for, and having read the inscription and felt sorry for the crack in its side, they followed Mr. Parke to other sights.

They drove to Carpenters Hall, the building where the first Colonial Congress met, the board that abetted Wash-

ington in his endeavors for his country. Then they saw the William Penn dwelling, moved to Fairmount Park. They visited Christ Church, where Washington worshipped when president. Also Old Swedes Church, which was a memento of the old days.

Then, among the modern places of interest, they took the children to Masonic Temple, because Mr. Davis was a Free Mason, and was very proud of the granite structure. Then they drove past the Academy of Fine Arts, containing the pioneer art collection of the United States, as the children did not particularly care to go in and examine the objects.

They stopped for a short time in the Academy of Natural Sciences, where the oldest and most extensive collection of natural history objects can be found.

From there they passed the Ridgway Library, the United States Naval Asylum, and many other great and well-known buildings. In Fairmount Park they visited the Memorial and Horticultural halls, both being handsome sou-

venir buildings from the Centennial Exhibition of 1876.

"Of course you two Southerners know who first settled our fine city?" asked Mr. Davis, as they came from the museum and climbed into the automobile again.

"Why, I think Benjamin Franklin did, didn't he, Jack?" said George, taken unawares.

"No; William Penn did. He located and planned the city, and also made it the chief city of his province of Pennsylvania. He also settled the first order of 'Friends' in this country, and because the name 'Philadelphia' means 'brotherly love,' he called it that. In 1701 Penn granted the town a charter, which constituted it a city with city privileges.

"Benjamin Franklin, who lived in Philadelphia during the greater part of the eighteenth century, planned many of its institutions, such as the fire department, libraries, parks, and other public places. As Congress first met here, and continued to do so after the

British evacuation, Philadelphia became the seat of government from the year 1790 to 1800. The United States mint was built and established here in 1892."

On the homeward drive the children passed the oldest public library in the United States, founded by Benjamin Franklin, containing about 175,000 volumes.

"To-morrow, if you like, we will drive you out to the suburbs of Germantown, Manayunk, and Frankford, thence on to the places where you have heard of the battles Washington fought with the British," promised Mr. Davis, as they reached the house and wearily climbed the front steps.

But the party engaged so much attention that the trip to historic spots was almost forgotten in the flood of events which followed.

Every one invited came, of course, and besides Bob and Dick, the boys next door, there were other girls and boys of Jack's age. As it was said to be a premature Hallowe'en party, because



the two cousins would soon be going home again, no one brought a birthday gift, as most of the guests had forgotten entirely that it was the date of Jack's birthday.

But he had received a gift from uncle Parke that morning that fully recompensed him for the lack of any others. He found the small box at his breakfast plate held something that made a significant noise, as it regularly ticked away inside the paper wrapper and satin-cushioned case.

"Oh! I know what this is—right off without opening it!" cried Jack, jumping up to run and throw his arms about his uncle.

Anne did not wait for him to finish his violent protestations of affection, but broke the string and tore away the paper. By this time Jack was back at his chair to rescue the gift, and upon opening the spring lid, a boy's fine watch was displayed to his delighted eyes.

It was then passed around and admired by every one, George handling it

longingly, while Mr. Parke shook his head in a knowing manner.

Jack had other gifts, but the watch was the most treasured of all. What boy or girl does not worship his first watch, and find it necessary to consult the time every few minutes during the first days it is carried?

That night the watch was much in evidence, and every one present had to hear it tick or handle it before full justice could be done to it.

When the guests were assembled, they played different games, and for the diving contests, blindfolded games, and other guessing amusements, suitable prizes had been provided, which added greatly to the evening's enjoyment. Then, just as the two men went out to the dining-room to light the pumpkin jack-o-lantern and put the finishing touches to the witches' cave, where Mrs. Parke sat, dressed like an old gray-haired sibyl, a fearful rattling sounded on the front windows.

"Some one's playing tick-tack!" cried Jack excitedly.

“But who can it be?—all the boys are here to-night!” said Dick. Bob and George hurried to open the front door to run out on the piazza and see if they could find the string that is used to fasten a nail or other metal object so it will strike the glass when drawn sharply by some one hiding across the street. But no sooner had they passed the threshold than a large bag of flour descended upon their innocent heads, breaking open and covering them with white, and causing them to choke and cough furiously.

The other children had followed to the hall, and now seeing what had happened to the two scouts, they stood together, not daring to move nearer the door. Jack and Dick, believing the flour-bag trick to be one of Mr. Davis's practical jokes, rushed out to capture him, but both boys tripped over a string stretched across the steps and rolled down the four steps going to the street. At the same time, dreadful cabbages, tomatoes, and every other form of vegetable used for saluting unwelcome stage

performers, were showered plentifully into the hallway and against the windows.

"The Hessians! The Hessians!" yelled George, spluttering flour from his mouth to give the battle-cry of the Washingtons.

In another moment the American army was running in full pursuit of the enemy. The six boys who had not known of the party, but took this evening to show their attentions to the "American army," were outnumbered and quickly outdistanced. When Jack and George, and their two boy neighbors, caught up with the rear guard of the Hessians, they fell upon them with great gusto. The other six boys soon came up, and had not the old friendly officer hurried up to see what all the hullabaloo was about, the chances are the Hessians would have been entirely destroyed and Howe would have lost a signal battle. Even as it was, the six Hessians were carried from the field of battle with sore heads, black eyes, skinned shins and lame backs.

"My! Nothing like a little fight to give one an appetite, eh?" laughed Jack, as he and his friends went back to the party.

The boys were not much the worse for the scuffle; their hair was tousled, collars loosened, and ties hanging, but that was about all the damage done them. The witch in the cave, and the two gentlemen who offered to serve refreshments, had not heard a thing of the assault until Martha ran into the dining-room with the news.

"We licked the Hessians! They got it this time!"

Without a second's hesitation (so certain were these parents of their children's tendencies), the fathers and Mrs. Parke rushed out to the hall to meet the victorious warriors returning from the scene of battle.

Although parents may try to dampen the ardor of youth from such warlike fun as battles and assaults on an enemy, still it was in the blood of these little Washingtons, and would crop up when chance offered as naturally as General

Washington rode his white charger on to victory.

The supper was greatly enjoyed, not only for the great plates of cake and deep cereal-bowls of ice cream that were passed and passed in endless procession, but for the realization also that one great battle had been won over the Hessians without as much as bloodshed on the side of the Americans.

A few days after this party, the Davises accompanied their relatives to the station, where the Parkes boarded a train bound for Washington. A few hours later they reached that fine city, and took a trolley about to leave for the nearest road that passed their country estate.

Late that same afternoon, as the travellers walked up the driveway, they spied Jim and old mammy waiting with the baby on the front veranda, to welcome them.

"Oh, George! I almost forgot we had a baby at home during all the wonderful travels and sights we have had since leaving home almost ten days



ago!" sighed Martha, with compunction.

"And just see how funny Jim looks! Why, he isn't half as big as I thought he was. Jim, maybe we haven't a lot to tell you! Oh, Jim, *what a fight* we gave those Hessians when we drove them from Philadelphia!" cried George, as he went running up the pathway.

But Mrs. Parke had not forgotten she had a baby at home, as old mammy could testify, for long letters had reached her daily, advising and reminding her what to do for baby while she was away on this unusual visit.

That dinner was a happy reunion; not only for mother and baby, but also for the faithful colored help. And what do you suppose Jim did?

George and Martha were so eager to explain all about the historic sights and places they had visited, that they could not wait for the next morning, so Jim was invited to sit at the table when fruit and nuts were served, and there he rolled his widened eyes dangerously

backward when he heard about the battle with the Hessians.

"Jim, that was a *real* fight! Not the make-believe kind we always play down here!" said Martha impressively.

"And, Jim, you can believe those Hessians knew *how* to fight, too. But it took Washington's army to lick them, didn't it, father?" gloated George, mentally patting himself on the back.

"Yes, and I remember the story of a great battle waged on Brooklyn Heights, when Washington had to cross the East River in the fog. That scene will never be forgotten by many of the New Yorkers who felt sure they had cornered the Black Hand and kidnapers of some very sweet little angels," remarked Mr. Parke.

"Father! Who told you about it?" asked Martha, who had felt quite sure that not one of the elders had discovered anything at all about that long-to-be-remembered escapade.

"Why, the American eagle whispered it in my ear when we came in from the

theatre party that night!" teased Mr. Parke.

Then George had to tell Jim all about that battle on the roof when they were dressed in the bellboys' uniforms. And Jim sighed and sighed, and wondered why it was the lot of some folks to have all the joys of life, while others have bandy-legs and stay at home! Ah, Jim, such is life! I have never been able to explain the cause of such partiality, either.

"Oh, George, tell Jim about your wonderful dream, when the Germans captured you in the submarine and you escaped on the torpedo!"

Here was another marvelous tale for the most attentive of listeners, and Jim's eyes opened again, wider and wider as George described his experience, and it lost nothing of its weirdness and wonder in the telling, either.

Then he stopped the story just as the American eagle dropped to let him slide off from the cupola, but failed to explain to Jim that it was all a dream.

"Jim, do you know what saved

George from bumping his head on the ground of City Hall Park that day?" asked Mr. Parke.

"No, sah, Ah don'. He diden bump, did he?" worried Jim.

"No, because we all came into the room in time to wake him out of his nightmare. He was on the floor, where he had rolled when he fell from the couch."

Jim pondered this information deeply, and that night in bed, as his mammy was turning over to see if it was daylight, he sat up and exclaimed:

"Why, mammy! Dat mus' hab been a dream Garge had!" Then he cuddled down again and was fast asleep in another moment.

"Now, whad's dat chile talkin' uv in his sleep? He shore is a queer lil' honey-boy!" sighed mammy, finding she still had an hour before it was time to rise and get breakfast for the master.

John came home from his visit to his great-aunt the day following the arrival of the Parkes, and many new and exciting experiences had to be retold.

John had some of his own that were quite as exciting in their way as the battle with the Hessians, but he has to tell them in the next book of the little Washingtons.

Mrs. Parke wrote to thank Mrs. Davis for the lovely visit they all enjoyed in Philadelphia, and at the last, she had a revelation. Both ladies had wondered and wondered what caused the battle between Washington's army and the Hessians that day, and now that Mrs. Parke thought again over the event and retraced her steps mentally, she suddenly remembered the half-finished story told to the children on the cars from New York to Philadelphia. They had heard enough of the warfare between the Americans and British on the Delaware, that they needed no more of a cue to start on.

So she explained to her friend what had been the cause of the spirit of '76 showing itself so powerfully in the four cousins that day the wash was covered with mud from the back lot.

"And do you know, my dear, I am

greatly relieved now, when I remember that the most dangerous period of George Washington's career is over. From now on I shall only touch lightly on the battles he fought with the British, so that the children cannot try them out in real life. But it will be a satisfaction to have them play President and Lady Washington in the White House, and later, when Washington returns to his farm to spend his days there, that will be very quiet, acceptable fun, I think."

But Mrs. Parke forgot that her children, as well as John and Jim, their playmates, were not of the kind that cared for quiet play. So she still had many experiences before her that resulted from the reading of George Washington's life history.

And naturally, the little Washingtons had loads of fun in applying this history, as you will see when you read the next book of their doings, called "Little Washington at School."



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This series presents early American history in a manner that impresses the young readers. George and Martha Washington Parke, two young descendants of the famous General Washington, follow in play, the life of the great American.

## THE LITTLE WASHINGTONS

Their thrilling battles and expeditions generally end in "punishment" lessons read by Mrs. Parke from the "Life of Washington." The culprits listen intently, for this reading generally gives them new ideas for further games of Indian warfare and Colonists' battles.

## THE LITTLE WASHINGTONS' RELATIVES

The Davis children visit the Parke home and join zealously in the games of playing George Washington. So zealously, in fact, that little Jim almost loses his scalp.

## THE LITTLE WASHINGTONS' TRAVELS

The children wage a fierce battle upon the roof of a hotel in New York City. Then, visiting the Davis home in Philadelphia, the patriotic Washingtons vanquish the Hessians on a battle-field in the empty lot back of the Davis property.

## THE LITTLE WASHINGTONS AT SCHOOL

After the school-house battle the Washingtons discover a band of gypsies camping near their homes and incidentally they recover a stolen horse which the gypsies had taken from a farmer.

## THE LITTLE WASHINGTONS' HOLIDAYS

They spend a pleasant summer on adjoining farms in Vermont. During a voyage they try to capture a "frigate" but little Jim is caught and about to be punished by the Captain when his confederates save him.

## THE LITTLE WASHINGTONS; FARMERS

Nero, the donkey, had never heard of George Washington, and so the game the children had planned after reading the story of the General's life on his farm turned out to be quite a different game altogether.

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Little Hero stepped aboard the Wind Wagon and started on a journey to many wonderful places and had a delightful time.

## THE MAGIC UMBRELLA

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